

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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ARTHUR MEE'S 1000 HEROES

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tomorrow

OLD FRIENDS STILL QUARRELLING

AND ANCIENT FOES SHAKE HANDS

The Balkan Peoples Set a High
Example To Europe

COMING TOGETHER

And it came to pass that while old friends went on quarrelling the ancient enemies shook hands.

If we were writing a new Bible of our time this would be the beginning of the chapter dealing with this month, when one of the hopeful signs in Europe is the increasing goodwill that is being manifested among the Balkan nations.

The last few weeks (which have seen such bitterness among Great Powers, as they like to call themselves) have witnessed meetings of kings and statesmen which would have been impossible a year or two ago. Whereas the statesmen of the great Western nations looked then with anxiety toward south-east Europe, it is now the turn of the rulers there to look with anxiety beyond the Alps.

Peaceful Assurances

Turkey and Greece have again confirmed the friendship Venizelos established with the Ghazi in 1930. His successor and political opponent, M. Tsal-daris, has visited Angora and supplemented the three-year-old treaty by a new pact, including a mutual guarantee of the inviolability of their common frontiers and providing for common action on all international questions.

It is an amazing fact that such ancient foes as the Greeks and the Turks should fraternise in this whole-hearted manner.

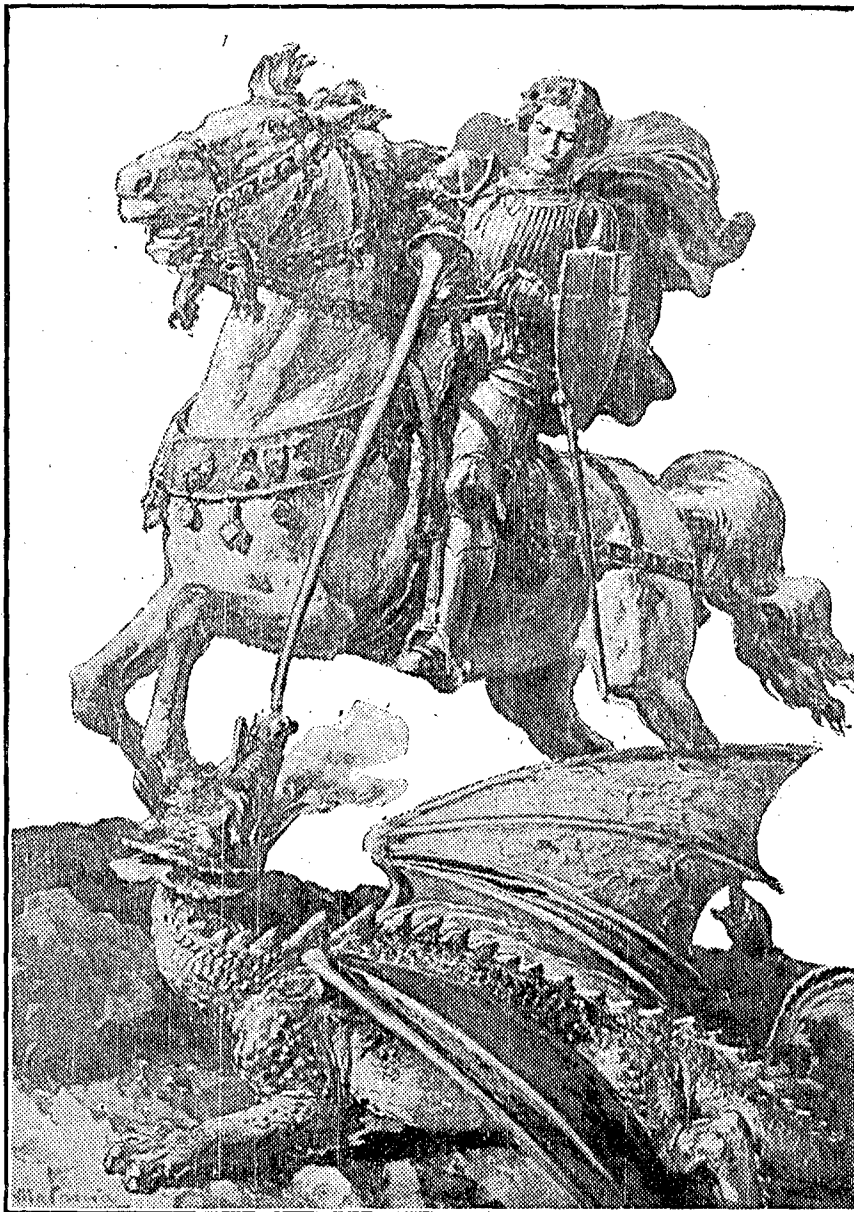
And not only with Greece, but also with their old foe Yugo-Slavia, have the Turks been exchanging peaceful assurances. The King and Queen of Yugo-Slavia have recently visited the Ghazi at Constantinople, and the Foreign Ministers of both countries have exchanged views.

Renewing a Treaty

The Hungarian Prime Minister is visiting Angora, and from there going to Sofia, the capital of Bulgaria, whose King and Queen last month paid their first visit to the King and Queen of their ancient enemy Yugo-Slavia; while two days after this royal visit the Prime Minister of Turkey arrived at Sofia and concluded with Bulgaria a renewal for five years of their treaty of neutrality, conciliation, and arbitration.

So that a friendly game of Family Coach has been played over European territory which within living memory has been a blood-drenched Tom Tiddler's Ground, and the nations whose rivalries have been such a source of dread to lovers of peace are setting a magnificent example to the Great Powers who are still squabbling over their so-called rights at Geneva.

Immortal Hero of Our Race



This new picture of Saint George and the Dragon, by Fortunino Matania, is the frontispiece, in full colour, of Arthur Mee's new sixpenny book—1000 Heroes. See page 2.

HE CANNOT SPEAK HIS MOTHER TONGUE

A strange story was recently revealed in which a native-born Australian could speak no other tongue but Chinese. He was called as a witness, and spoke through the medium of a Chinese interpreter.

The story is that he was born in New South Wales. His mother died when he was very young, and his father, going to China on business, took the baby with him. While in China the father died, and the baby, left destitute, was adopted by some kind-hearted Chinese. In the course of time he went back to Australia and worked with a colony of Chinese market-gardeners.

Although, by all laws, he is an Australian, this white man remembers only the kindness shown to him by his yellow brothers. He is at heart a Chinese, and his ambition is to earn enough money to return to the land that was so kind to him when he was a baby.

THE WORLD'S GREAT WHEAT PROVIDERS

Under the agreement made in London in August by the World's Wheat countries four nations are to supply the bulk of the wheat required by the wheat-buying countries.

Of a total import requirement of 560 million bushels, as much as 200 millions are to be furnished by Canada, 110 by Argentina, 105 by Australia, and 47 by the United States.

That leaves only 98 million bushels to be supplied by all the rest of the world. Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria, and Yugo-Slavia are to supply 50 to 54 million bushels.

So the world, in the all-important matter of the wheat-supply, has not yet reached a stage in civilisation at which the first objective is to increase the consumption. It is something, however, to get a Wheat Pact at all; we must regard it as a first step in the universal government of daily bread.

A REVOLUTION IN LIGHTING?

NEW EXPERIMENTS WITH NEON

Cheap and Brilliant
Illumination of a Road

RIVALLING FULL MOON

There is every hope that a new and cheaper system of lighting will soon revolutionise our cities by night.

The secret, which is nearly solved, is in the neon tube so familiar to us all in the coloured shop and advertisement signs in our streets; but so far a clear white light has not yet been obtainable from this source.

The neon illumination is obtained by passing an electric current of very high voltage through a tube of neon gas, which then glows brilliantly, but it glows with a colour, which lessens its value.

A White Light Wanted

Scientists have been experimenting for years, and the nearest they have got to a pure white light is a light of pale peach colour. Lamps glowing with this colour have been installed in a private house for the first time, with a great saving in the electric light bill.

It is claimed that when the neon tube gives a clear white light the householder will spend pence instead of shillings for lighting purposes.

Perhaps the greatest experiment with the new lighting has been carried out on the road between Altrincham and Stockport, a broad and busy highway to the south of Manchester. The lamps used are known as the Osira non-filament lamps, and are filled with a gas which is partly neon and partly of a secret composition.

These lamps use the same amount of current as the average street lamp, but produce nearly three times as much light. By the use of prisms each lamp throws 6000 candle-power in one direction and half that amount in the opposite direction.

Less Danger of Accidents

There is no glare, and though at first the lamps give a greenish light the human eye becomes accustomed to it with ease. So strong is the illumination that a motorist without using his headlights can see a cyclist or pedestrian a quarter of a mile ahead.

The authorities at Manchester and Stockport are certain that the new installation will reduce the possibility of accidents by night on this highway, for the effect is that of driving in the full light of the Moon.

We call the attention of all our municipal authorities to this important experiment, especially some of the municipalities round London, the lighting of whose streets by night makes them little more than death-traps for both pedestrian and motorist.

ROOSEVELT DOES NOT LOSE FAITH CARRYING THE NATION WITH HIM

Meeting With the Veterans
To Win Their Support

£150,000,000 FOR THE WINTER

President Roosevelt has completed six months of his Administration, but he does not appear to have slackened his energies for the recovery of his stricken country.

Though obstacles daily arise, the faith of the American public appears to be firmly fixed on his eager personality. You cannot turn over a stone without revealing the ugly, squirming creatures that lie beneath it, says an American writer, and the President is finding much that is ugly in the bed of the huge rock he is so manfully displacing.

The Demands of Labour

It is not only in the high courts of banking and finance that he has met with opposition and criticism, but Labour, re-awakened by the working of the Codes, is endeavouring to secure a larger share of their benefits than most Americans feel to be their due.

There was a prospect again of trouble from the veterans of the American Legion who had met in conference at Chicago. Mr Roosevelt made a quick decision to talk to them face to face, so, bundling his staff into a train, he hurried off to Chicago. The veterans, appreciating the compliment and recognising a fighter, gave him a magnificent welcome. It was a great opportunity, and the President seized it, declaring to his huge audience that national unity was as essential in times of peace as in times of war; that there were two enemies of national unity—sectionalism and the spirit of class; that the nation was daily giving proof that it was willing to forego sectional advantages and was less and less willing to tolerate benefits for one group of citizens which must be paid for by others.

The Veterans Won Over

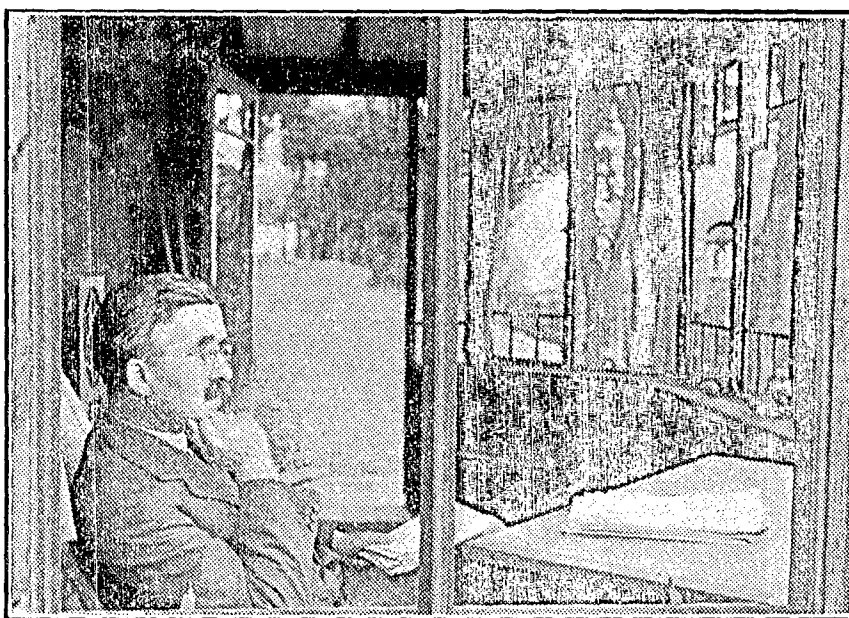
He asked the veterans to show patience, because his Administration wished to do justice, not only to the many but, so far as was possible, to every individual as well. They were all engaged, he said, on a great national programme, and it was quite evident that so vast a plan could not be carried out in six months. The veterans were won over to the President's side.

Among other measures for dealing with the abnormal situation the Government has announced that a fund of £150,000,000 is available for providing coal, food, and clothing to relieve destitution this winter. This will help to carry the unemployed over the months which must elapse before the public works can be got into full swing. A good deal has, of course, been accomplished, but millions will go through the winter without work. The farmers are clamouring for more help; thousands of people are being evicted because they cannot pay their rent; and the banks are not yet able to serve industry as in times of prosperity.

A Noble Utterance

But the President still has faith. In a noble utterance the other day he declared that it was for them to redouble their efforts to prevent the disintegration of home life, and to stand by victims of the depression until it was definitely past.

Not for a moment had he doubted, he said, that they would climb out of the valley of gloom; always had he been certain that they would conquer, because the spirit of America springs from faith, faith in the beloved institutions of their land and a true and abiding faith in the guidance of God.



Arthur Mee thinking out his new book at his window in the wood on a Kent hilltop

Arthur Mee To the C.N.

ARTHUR MEE has been looking round the world again, thinking of something new.

It is 25 years since the mother of the C.N. was born, and there is no big modern book of which so many copies have been printed. The Children's Encyclopedia has been the book triumphant of the Twentieth Century.

And now, looking about the world, impatient of all the things he hears about Youth falling on hard times and about the lack of opportunity, Arthur Mee has made another book.

It is not crowded with the stories of the past and the wonders of the present and the dreams of the future like the Children's Encyclopedia, but is made up of just those things that should ring through the world in dark days like these—the stories of great courage, of a gallant host of men and women who have made this world the wonderful place it is.

The Boundless Chances of This Brave New World

We have come upon evil times, and it is enough to break our hearts to see the broken dreams all round us. But there is only one thing that breaks dreams, and that is the lack of courage to bring them true.

There have been dark days before and men have overcome them. What we have to do is to believe in ourselves and in our power, and never to give way. We have to believe in the boundless chances of this brave new world, the greatest chance of all being *the power to make an opportunity if it is not there*. If we believe in something with a faith strong enough to move mountains, and fight for it with dauntless courage, it will be ours. This brave world needs brave people.

Arthur Mee has been looking about, through all centuries and in all lands, and has picked out the men who have conquered Despair and built up Victory. He has taken ordinary people who have found themselves up against Fate and Circumstance, and has told what they did.

Faith and Courage For This Young Century

Our century is young, but wireless, kinemas, flying, motoring, were all born yesterday, and tomorrow there will be a hundred other things coming out of the brain of somebody thinking out his chances now. Perhaps it will be you. What we want is Faith and Courage; let the world have but these things and all other things shall be added unto it.

And so on the bookstall tomorrow there will lie with the C.N. Arthur Mee's new sixpenny book. It tells you the story of his thousand heroes, the men and women (sometimes the boys and girls) who have made themselves immortal by their brain, their wit, their humanity and their great courage. They were often afraid, but they went on. Nothing could stop them, for they had the heart that will not break, the spirit that will not quail, the faith that knows that all is well.

They were crushed in the wheels of Circumstance. They were put in chains. They were broken by poverty, threatened by tyrants, scoffed and derided and beaten; yet they went on. One saved the little children from the factory. One freed the slaves. One made this country clean. One found the way to print a book. One wrote the Bible in plain English. One set every wheel on our roads going faster and faster. There is not an hour in the life of the world that does not owe something to them.

Who are they, these men, these women? What have they done, and how did they do it? That is Arthur Mee's story for us. Read it.

ARTHUR MEE'S 1000 HEROES

AUSTRALIA HAS TURNED THE CORNER

A Budget Surplus

LOWER TARIFF AND HIGHER PENSIONS

At last we have in the British Empire a Budget which shows a definite return to prosperity, and this in a Dominion which has suffered more than any other from the depression, Australia.

In his Budget speech the other day Mr J. A. Lyons, Prime Minister and Treasurer of the Commonwealth, announced that he had a surplus for the past year of £3,500,000, in spite of the fact that expenditure had been £2,600,000 more than he had estimated. He has decided to include the Motherland in the relief he is meting out for next year by remitting a small portion of the taxes imposed on our imports.

The lower Customs and other duties will in future be half those imposed on non-British countries, so that our manufacturers should benefit in great measure. It is estimated that our products will enter Australia at about 38 per cent duty, a reduction of over 17 per cent.

Direct taxation, the main bulk of which is income tax, is to be reduced by over £3,000,000, and the wage-cuts of the lower-paid ranks of the public services are to be restored at a cost of £500,000. But, best of all, the old-age pensioners are to have their weekly allowances raised from 15s to 17s 6d.

THE SHEIK AND THE AIR MAIL

A Jolly Pause on the Persian Gulf

The air mail to India has taken a new route along the Persian Gulf.

It used to fly along the northern shore of the gulf, but the Persian Government raised difficulties and in consequence the Arabian side is now followed. Fortunately it turns out to be a change for the better.

After leaving Basra the planes travel via Koweit to the Bahrein Islands and thence to Sharjah, which is the jumping-off place for Karachi.

Sharjah is the most interesting place on the journey. Here, in the territory of an independent sheik, the passengers spend a night. The settlement is surrounded by a barbed-wire fence, but the guarantee of the sheik is the real protection. The whole of that side of the Persian Gulf is a well-known pirate coast, and at Sharjah no motors are allowed because the Prophet omitted to mention them in the Koran.

At Sharjah the sheik insists that his flag shall be flown at the British Wireless Station. The flag is exactly similar to the one used in the British signalling code meaning "We are short of water," but, in spite of this flag, the new posting-house, if we may call it so, is not short of water (or anything else); it is a true rest-house by the way.

THINGS SAID

All's well. Last words of Dr Wilson dying in Scott's Tent

Don't worry if you would live long. Mrs Bridget Henley, aged 102

At 69 I can still climb a mountain. Bishop of Lichfield

A grim time lies ahead which will test our national character even more than the war. Dean Inge

The problem is not to create the will-to-peace which exists, but to discover why it is frustrated. Sir Norman Angell

The whole population of England and Wales could be housed in the Greater London region outside the County of London. Sir Raymond Unwin

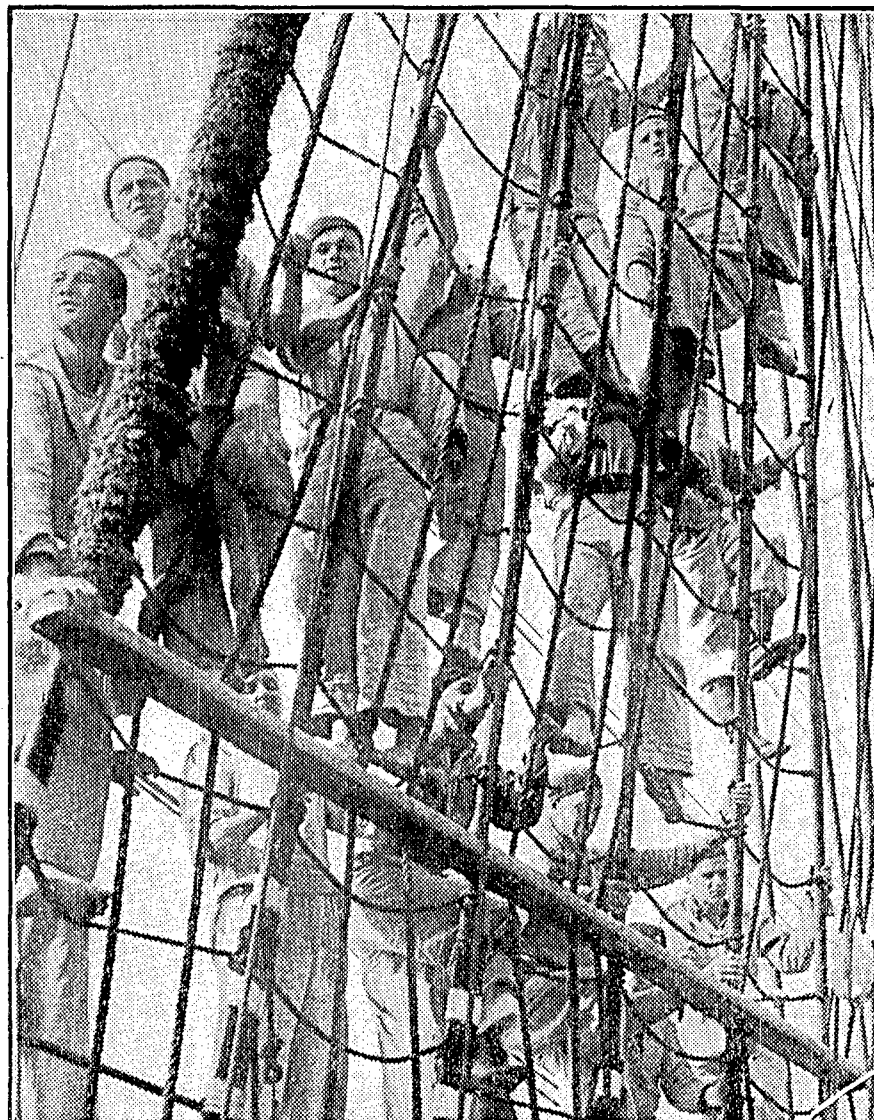
FEEDING WOLVES · IN A DEVON ORCHARD · CLIMBING THE RIGGING



Feeding the Wolves—When the wolves are fed at Whipsnade Zoo a keeper enters the enclosure with buckets of meat and distributes it as shown in this picture.



In a Devon Orchard—This picture, taken at Plym Bridge in Devonshire, shows a girl helping to pick the apples in one of the county's famous orchards.



Climbing the Rigging—Polish merchant service cadets are here seen in the rigging as their ship put into Plymouth Sound the other day during a training cruise to Cape Town.

THE MOTOR-CAR GOES FORWARD

400 TYPES AT OLYMPIA

The Foolproof Vehicle Which Runs With Perfect Ease

NEW IDEAS OF OUR GREAT INDUSTRY

If progress can truly be measured by the rapidity with which luxuries become necessities motoring is the most progressive of all our industries.

It is, anyway, the most demonstrative, for its products are for all the world to see. Few industries have advanced with such strides, firms competing with each other hourly, producing improvements and stimulating inventions so that it is difficult for the plain man to keep track of them.

It is, perhaps, for this reason that many plain men rejoice when October comes round and they can rub shoulders for a few hours with the engineers and salesmen who know all there is to know about the internal combustion engine and the complicated mechanisms which make the modern car the most efficient thing in the world. The Exhibition at Olympia this year is as remarkable as its predecessors, and should give a glow of pride to every Englishman.

Our Love of Movement

In the smallest and cheapest car are to be found those refinements of mechanism which a year or two ago seemed so remote and confined to the great £1000 cars of the wealthy connoisseur.

This year the organisers have realised that their visitors have a great bump of curiosity and that a love of movement is ingrained in their nature. They want to see the wheels go round, and this boy-like passion is satisfied at Olympia. They are shown the mystery box and can see for themselves the inner workings of the free-wheel, simplified gears, and other mechanism whereby a drop of fluid distilled from oil formed millions of years ago will drive a wheel at tremendous speed.

Features of the New Models

The Motor Show has come to be the most famous automobile market, yet it confines itself solely to private cars, commercial transport vehicles having a separate exhibition of their own. To this year's show more than 500 manufacturers have sent examples of their work, and under its roof over 400 types of cars are to be seen, ranging from 7 h.p. models to giants rated at 50 h.p.

Even more than last year this Motor Show may be called a labour-saving exhibition, and a foolproof one at that. What is called the synchro-mesh gear-box has become a commonplace fitting, while the pre-selective gear-box has been adopted by several makers. The free-wheel has come into its own and the vacuum clutch control has been widely adopted. More and more fuel tanks have been relegated to the rear of the car, a position of greater safety.

The Perfected Diesel Engine

Many of the new models have the chassis frame placed crossways about the middle, while the greater use of rubber for cushioning and other purposes gives smoother running to the car. Both in their material and in other details the engines themselves show an advance on last year. The average car travels a greater distance each year, and the efforts of the makers seem to be concentrated on prolonging its life to meet this stress.

A section of the show is devoted to the motor-caravan, a holiday vehicle which has been increasing in popularity. Those who like to spend their leisure hours on the lakes, rivers, and broads have a part of the show set aside for them. Here again every purse is catered for, from the tiny dinghy with its outboard motor to the launch which will carry a large party in comfort. These engines, too, are a joy to see with

THE LEAGUE

Argentina Back Again

A WIDEAWAKE ASSEMBLY AND PRESSING QUESTIONS

By Our League Correspondent

The Assembly this year is very wide-awake. We shall hear of good results coming from it.

Argentina, perhaps the most important of all the South American States, certainly one with which we have many connections, has thought it worth while to become again an active member of the League. The reason for its withdrawal was a worthy one in its nature, though we think not a wise one in effect. Argentina pressed for the admission of the vanquished States, particularly Germany, into the League and, failing to gain the point, refused to work with a society of nations from which some were excluded.

Election to the Council

The reality of the League's welcome to this great republic, and the recognition of the importance of its voice in the direction of world affairs, was shown by its election to a seat on the Council. By the common consent of the South American States, Argentina takes the place of Guatemala, while Denmark and Australia succeed to the seats given up by Norway and the Irish Free State.

The method of election to the Council has for some time given great dissatisfaction to a dozen or so States which see no possibility of ever being represented under the present arrangement, by which the nine seats always go by consent to certain groups of countries. A committee has been studying the question, and this Assembly will probably agree to increase the number of non-permanent seats from nine to ten as a temporary measure for three years, pending some final solution. The election to this extra place will be keenly contested.

Germany and the Jews

The uncertainty with which this Assembly began its work gave way in the second week to a definite emphasis on one particular subject: Germany and the Jews. Two States, Haiti and Holland, courageously put forward two proposals including this burning question. One is that the States of the League should enter into a general convention for the protection of minorities everywhere, the other is for international collaboration through the League Council for definitely helping the "great number of German nationals who have taken refuge in recent months in several countries." This second proposal, which includes all refugees from Germany, is for the purpose of finding work and homes for these thousands of German subjects "who have crossed the frontiers of neighbouring countries and refuse to return, for reasons which we are not called upon to judge."

This was the real beginning of the Assembly's work, and it was a good beginning. We give elsewhere the British Minister's speech on this question, and on the whole we feel confident that much good will result from this present session.

Continued from the previous column

their immense power concentrated in so tiny a weight of metal. The larger craft which dare the sea are fitted more and more with the Diesel type of engine with its cheaper fuel. So perfect has this engine been made that there are types light enough for motor-cruisers which are only 30 feet long. Another noticeable feature the yachtsman and his servants will appreciate is the increasing use of metals which do not tarnish, the brass and copper which needed so much polishing being used less and less.

We have come to regard Olympia in motor week as a symbol of the progressive energy of our race; indeed, our only fear is that our engineers are making their cars so beautiful and their driving so simple that they are spoiling us.

NO-FUSS DOLFUSS

The Little Giant of Austria

CARRYING ON

The C.N. does not like Dictators, but it does like little Dollfuss.

"Let us have no fuss," he said when he was shot, and off he went with a bullet through his arm and another about his ribs to get on with what one may call his Dictation.

He walked to the Parliament door, he sent for the doctors, willingly accepted their verdict that he was not much the worse, declined an ambulance, and drove off in his car.

Anxious Secretaries of State and the British Minister called to ask after him. He received them in bed, where he had been persuaded to go; but a few hours afterwards he was broadcasting his assurance to his people that there need be no fuss about Dollfuss. He very briefly described his wounds, merrily alluding to the one through his arm as what in the war the soldiers called a "thousand gulden shot," meaning an injury which sent them out of danger behind the lines, without doing them serious harm.

Business as Usual

At the same time he made it clear that he was not retiring from the fighting line. He realised that by the grace of God he had been saved from great danger, but his escape only confirmed his resolution to serve his country by going on his way, and with the task assigned to him, in absolute firmness and earnestness. Business as usual.

We do not wonder that this little man, who stands 59 inches by linear measure, stands as high as a giant in the hearts of his countrymen. To them he is the Giant Killer (like little body with a mighty heart, as Shakespeare says of England), and this attempt on his life has raised him still higher, by showing that his heart is as big as his word.

£7900 FOR A BUCKET

An Ivory Treasure For London

£7900 seems a lot of money to pay for a bucket, but the bucket lately bought for that price by the Victoria and Albert Museum, with the help of the National Art Collections Fund, is a very special one.

It was carved in ivory a thousand years ago to hold holy water, probably for Milan Cathedral, for many of the scenes carved on it are copied from an ivory diptych of still earlier date in the treasury there.

During the last hundred years it has passed from one collector to another, being exhibited at South Kensington Loan Exhibition in 1862, and ending up in the famous Hermitage Collection in Russia. Only a few months ago it came into the possession of a dealer in Holland, and today it has a proud place in the New Acquisition Court of the Victoria and Albert Museum.

In little dramatic pictures its carvings tell with extreme beauty the old story of the Crucifixion and the Resurrection.

A GOODBYE TOO MANY

The other day we said Goodbye to Miss Emily Walker and another Goodbye to Walton Gaol, where she had done kindly work among the women prisoners for 16 years.

But though Miss Walker's office is now shut, and her work over, the women prisoners having been moved to Strangeways Gaol, Manchester, we were mistaken in thinking we have seen the last of Walton Gaol. A Liverpool reader tells us that it is still being used for men.

Pronunciations in this Paper

Bahrein Bah-rane
Cetus See-tus
Koweit Ko-wate

A REFUGEE ON HUMAN FREEDOM

LIBERTY IN DANGER

The Happiness of the World's Peoples at Stake

PLAIN WORDS FROM EINSTEIN

We take this from Professor Einstein's address at the Albert Hall, where ten thousand people heard him speak on Science and Civilisation.

As he is no longer welcome in his own country there was a mighty outburst of sympathy with Einstein when he rose to speak, a refugee in our own land, but indeed a citizen of the world.

It cannot be doubted that the suffering and privations of the people are in some measure responsible for the dangerous upheavals of which we are the witness. In such periods discontent breeds hatred, and hatred leads to acts of violence and revolution and often even to war.

Evil Produces Evil

Thus distress and evil produce new distress and new evil. Again the leading statesmen are burdened with tremendous responsibilities as twenty years ago. May they succeed through timely agreement to establish a condition of unity in Europe so that for every State a warlike adventure must appear as utterly hopeless. But the work of statesmen can succeed only if they are backed by the determined will of the people.

We are concerned not merely with the technical problem of securing and maintaining peace but also with the important task of education and enlightenment. If we want to resist the powers which threaten to suppress freedom we must keep clearly before us what is at stake and what we owe to that freedom which our ancestors have won for us after hard struggles.

The World Without Freedom

Without such freedom there would have been no Shakespeare, no Goethe, no Newton, no Faraday, no Pasteur, and no Lister. There would be no comfortable houses for the mass of the people, no railways, no wireless, no protection against epidemics, no cheap books, no culture, and no enjoyment of art for all.

There would be no machines to relieve the people from the arduous labour needed for the production of the essential necessities of life. Most people would lead a dull life of slavery, as under the ancient despotisms of Asia. It is only men who are free who create the inventions and intellectual works which to us moderns make life worth while.

Without doubt the present difficulties will bring us to the point where the balance between supply of labour and demand of labour, between production and consumption, will be enforced by law. But even this problem we shall solve as free men, and we shall not allow ourselves to be driven into a slavery which would bring with it stagnation of every healthy development.

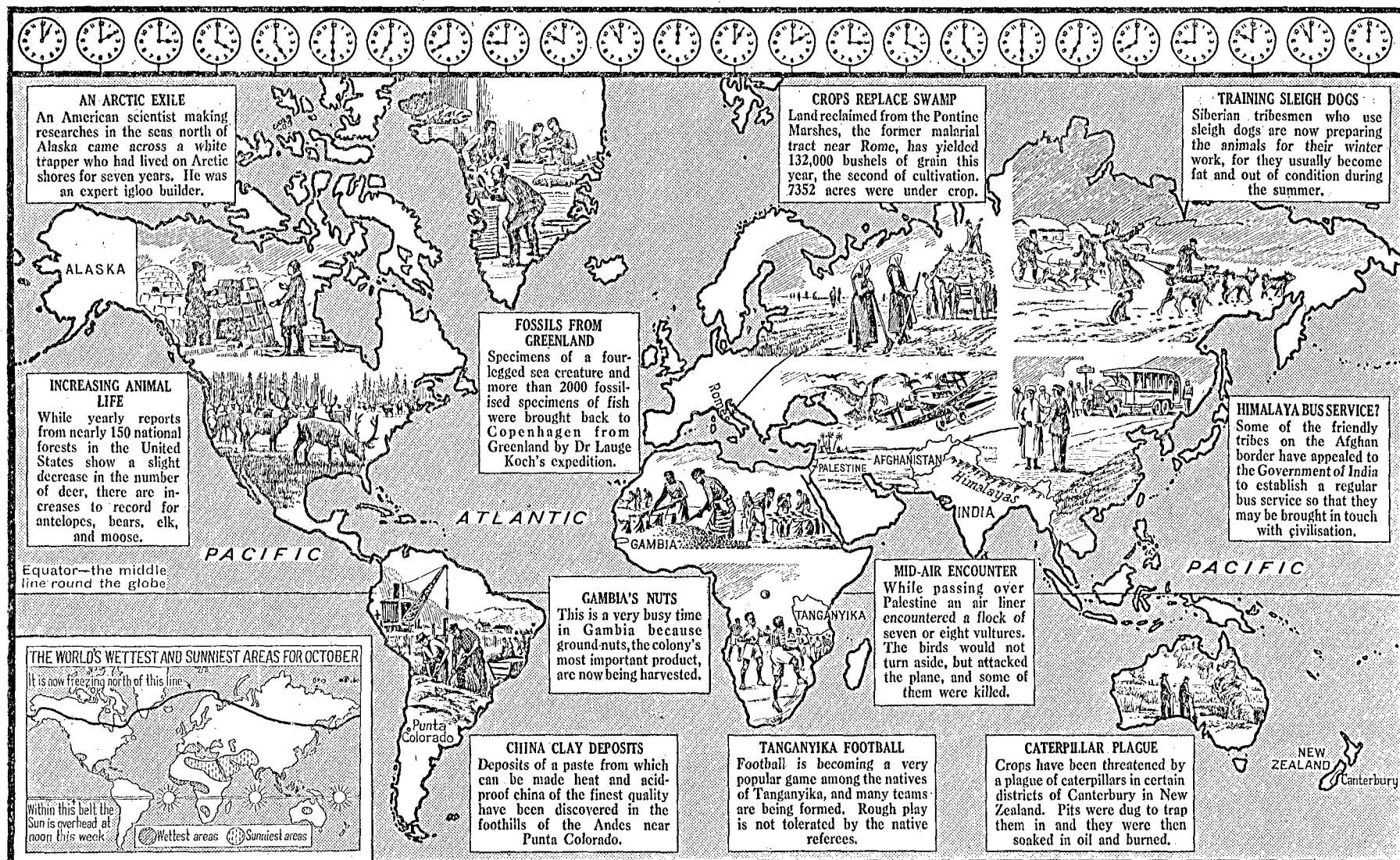
THE MERRY SAILS OF CHAILEY

The windmill which stood for so long in the very centre of Sussex without sails or work has been made new again, and its sails have been set turning by the hand of a princess.

It is not only the centre of Sussex that it marks, but the Heritage Craft School for cripples; and when Princess Alice set the sails of the windmill going again she said that she hoped it would open the eyes of all Sussex to the great work of healing going on in its midst.

The eyes of all England, we hope; for there is nothing better than Mrs Kimmins's splendid Chailey school for giving a handicapped child great hope and much happiness.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



PARIS AND ITS SKYLINE

Pulling Down a House

An important decision has been made in a Paris police court.

Someone who owned a house in the Rue Royale added several storeys to it. Someone else complained that by doing so he spoiled the view from the Place de la Concorde.

The Concorde square was planned as a dignified and harmonious whole by the architect Gabriel, and the tall new building is certainly out of the picture.

The court has ordered the owner to pull down the new storeys. Paris will not have her skyline ruined.

This reminds us of the storm which arose when Epstein's ridiculous conception of Rima was unveiled. An American wrote to The Times to congratulate English people on caring so intensely about art, and he said that in his own country such a violent controversy about a statue could not have arisen. Perhaps he was unjust to his countrymen. As for Paris, she takes these things even more seriously than London, and while we only sigh over the spoiling of the Mall a French magistrate orders the pulling down of a house that might spoil the Place de la Concorde.

THE POOR CITIZEN WHO TRIES TO DO HIS DUTY

We take this from a letter to The Times which will find an echo in the minds of many readers.

I have always thought that if I witnessed a smash and grab raid I should be sufficiently alert to make an effort to detain the man.

Recently I saw a malefactor slashing the tyres of a motor-car and seized him by the back of the shirt collar to hold him until the arrival of the police. His shirt split and he escaped, and on the hearing of the summons he was convicted, but on a counter summons against me for assault I was convicted and told that only a police officer could do what I did.

A REMARKABLE EVENT

Blind Oarswomen

A rather remarkable event took place on the Thames at Putney the other day.

Four blind girls rowed against a crew of the Women's Amateur Rowing Club, and only lost by half a length.

For a great part of the course the boats were level. Unfortunately the blind stroke broke her stretcher, and had to sit in the bottom of the boat half the time.

Many blind people raced along the towpath, led by friends with sight, and as they ran they shouted "Row, row!"

To see the blind faces glowing and excited was a happy thing. A generation ago the blind women could have hoped for no exercise more thrilling than a walk along the railings. However young they might be, there was hardly any occupation for them except knitting. They had to spend their days as old ladies are forced to spend theirs. The Sports Club for the Blind has altered all that.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE SEAS

The recent British Edition of the New International Code of Signals consists of two volumes, the first dealing with visual and sound signalling, the second with radio signalling.

The second provides for the first time an Official International Wireless Code for the use of the world's mercantile marine and air services, while the medical section embodies a complete case-stating system.

French, German, and Norwegian editions of the code have been published as well as the British, and the Japanese, Spanish, and United States editions are expected shortly.

The code comes into world-wide international use next New Year's Day. By its aid an Englishman will be able to converse freely with all foreigners on the high seas, although neither knows a word of the other's language.

COAL FOR EVER?

Great Diesel Ships Converted

It is great news that two big ships of the Royal Mail Company, the Asturias and Alcantara are to burn coal in future instead of oil.

Turbines are to take the place of Diesel engines, and the steam is to be raised from that splendid fuel, British steam coal.

It is stated that the change is economic, and that, moreover, the steam turbines give rise to less vibration than the internal-combustion motors.

Presumably the change would not be made without good reason, and it would be difficult to exaggerate its importance. If the example is followed, if shipping "returns to coal," British miners will go back to work and every British citizen will gain.

The motor-ship has long been ousting the steamship, for reasons which seemed plain enough. We must not too hastily build on the Royal Mail reversion. The rivalry of oil has put steam engineers on their mettle, however, and not a few eminent authorities declare that new methods can restore coal to its old predominance.

MR KELLY, HERO

It is pleasant to learn that Mr Alfred Kelly has been awarded £15 and a certificate by the Carnegie Hero Fund Trustees.

Mr Kelly, who lives in Douglas, Isle of Man, is 70. He spent most of last winter indoors because he was ill, and he was still under treatment for bronchitis when he put on an overcoat and went for a walk last April.

The walk suddenly changed into a run. A child was screaming for help in the sea. The convalescent took off his overcoat, ran 50 yards along the front, plunged into the sea, and swam 20 yards to the drowning child.

It was a brave rescue, and we agree with the Carnegie Trustees that he well deserves to be put on the roll of heroes.

A BARONET CALLS

HIS WARES

Vegetables For Sale

A baronet who sold his own fruit and vegetables from door to door has died.

He was Sir George Beaumont of Coleorton in Leicestershire, whose ancestors have for generations lived at Coleorton Hall. There were Beaumonts who were warriors, Beaumonts whose offshoots were judges or nobles, a Beaumont who was an Elizabethan dramatist, a Beaumont who figured in the Civil Wars, a later Beaumont who was the greatest benefactor of the National Gallery and whose hospitality was enjoyed by Wilkie and Constable, Wordsworth and Southey.

It was a surprise to the village, therefore, to find its baronet outside the cottage doors calling his wares from a van, while the gardener took the money for the fruit and vegetables. It was when Sir George found that local salesmen were asking threepence each for lettuces he had let them have for a penny that he decided to do his own selling. Later he opened a shop in Coalville, taking his nine-year-old son, the present baronet, into partnership with him. A painting of Coleorton Hall decorated the shop, and the Beaumont flag flew over it.

A WOMAN'S TRIUMPH

Women and weaving have always seemed so closely connected that it comes as a surprise to learn that a woman has for the first time qualified as weaving manageress in an English cotton mill.

Miss Ethel Atkinson of Burnley is the first woman to obtain the full certificate in cotton-weaving issued by the City and Guilds of London Institute.

Thus a woman has taken her place in yet another hitherto exclusive preserve of men. Perhaps, after all, it will be a woman who will pull the cotton industry out of its present slough of despond. The men have failed long enough.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

OCTOBER 21 1933

The Spirit We All Need

There is working in the world in these days, and especially in London in these weeks, the influence of a powerful band of earnest people known as the Oxford Group, which seeks to enthrone in the affairs of individuals and nations the Spirit of Christianity.

We give this precious space this week to a manifesto the Group has just issued because it seems to us exactly what the whole world needs.

IN recent years kings have departed from their glories, empires have fallen, money has lost its power; wars between nations, fought with every diabolical device that science can conceive, have proved as costly to the victors as to the vanquished.

The world has lost confidence in its leaders; yet leaders alone are not to blame. All plans for reconstruction without God-direction must fail. Moral and spiritual decay, like a dry rot, makes our idealism a foolish dream. To many simplicity has given way to a mad scramble, not only for what they call Life, but for antidotes against the very satiation they have created; on millions of others, made impotent by economic conditions against which they feel they have no remedy, has fallen a dull acceptance of a hopeless and drab existence. Neither conferences nor leagues alone can cure human ills that spring from widespread spiritual inefficiency.

There is a Leadership that is God-Confident, because it trusts not itself but God and His guidance. Such leadership is our instant need. The world is slow to realise that the spiritual is more powerful than the material; that its confusion, moral and material, is caused by spiritual weakness and moral mistrust. Spiritual fellowship is a stronger weapon than finance; God's plan for the world infinitely greater and more perfect than any imposed by a government. It is the Dictatorship of the Holy Spirit.

We are now fighting a greater war than any since the world began. It is not nation against nation, but Chaos against God. We need an Army of new men and women, spiritually reborn. We need the character that God alone can produce through Jesus Christ. Changed lives are the raw material of the new world.

What is to be your part in God's plan for the reconstruction of the world? Loyalty to your country, to your religious belief, to your home-ties is a fine quality; but is it an active loyalty? Does it contribute any worth-while help to the reconstruction of the world?

Already the moral offensive has begun. Men and women are mobilising to regenerate England. Your place is in this offensive. You cannot remain a neutral. God and His enemies alike demand your honest decision.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Goodnight, John Galsworthy

ONE of our country's sorrows this year has been the loss of John Galsworthy, and his last novel appears this month.

It is pathetic to read its last words, the very last words this noble writer wrote for print. They close his marvellous contribution to our English literature, and it is fitting that they should, for these are the words:

And so, my dear, Goodnight.

Two Things Stand

IT is the hundredth year of the poet of Australia, Adam Lindsay Gordon, and many of us will be reading his verses again. We do not think we shall find anything in them more worthy to be remembered than his homely lines:

*Life is mostly froth and bubble;
Two things stand like stone:
Kindness in another's trouble,
Courage in our own.*

We commend them to whomsoever they may concern.

Education and Ruin

THE success of Hitlerism, with all its brutality, in Germany may well make us ponder the meaning and aim of education.

For long years the Germans have been held up as pioneers and experts in education; now we see the educated Germans persecuting inoffensive citizens in the spirit of the tyrants of the Dark Ages.

The truth is that a true education must not merely impart knowledge, but must bring out the best in us. Merely to give a man knowledge may make him a superior criminal, a scientific enemy of society, a savage with better weapons than the aboriginal savage knew. An education which ignores the kingdom of the spirit may easily bring civilisation to ruin.

One Man's 22 Million Trees

WE were speaking the other day of the Earl of Yarborough and his twelve million trees, and we are reminded by our friend Lord Aberdeen, in a little book he has sent us of his early memories, that Mr Gladstone once told him of a talk he had with Lord Aberdeen's grandfather about trees.

Mr Gladstone had seen something about a great planting on a Highland estate and thought the number incredible, to which Lord Aberdeen replied: "Well, I don't know what you would consider incredible; but I know that during fifteen years I planted a million-and-a-half trees each year."

It seems now the turn of the Earl of Yarborough to be surprised, for 22 million trees in 15 years is a record which we imagine must stand for all time. We are delighted to know that many of the trees are still growing.

What Kitchener Said

A WAR book reminds us of a great saying by Lord Kitchener.

That tall soldier with the strange blue eyes and big black moustache said very little, but it was sometimes to the point.

Someone was telling him indignantly about certain outrages alleged to have been committed by the enemy. Kitchener only said: *All war is an outrage.*

The Villain of the Road

EVERY day we have new suggestions for keeping down murders on the roads, and it is increasingly necessary that something should be done.

We rarely ride for an hour in these days without meeting some ruffian at a wheel who risks our life by cutting in.

He is the Villain of the Road, and his licence should be taken away for life.

Tip-Cat

JERRY builders are no better than gangsters, somebody says. They merely make a shot at building.

JAZZ, it is said, is as old as the hills. But flatter.

MANY girls are falling back upon feminine occupations. Hope they won't hurt themselves.

LOTS of tenors try to sing baritone. And some try to sing tenor.

WHAT does it mean when a picture falls from the wall? asks a correspondent. That the cord has broken.

Peter Puck
Wants To Know



If a bore ever
entertains
a doubt

Like to make them look small.

JAZZ writers should be put in their proper place. Some of them would be put out.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

WE have now about 5000 electric farms.

NINETY-FIVE in a hundred of the men in the Army manœuvres drank no beer.

ABOUT 100,000 Savings Certificates are bought every week.

THE first guests of Newcastle Grammar School were 140 workmen who built it.

JUST AN IDEA

Individual improvement, within the reach of all, is the only solution of the world's problems.

To One Who Sent Me Roses

By Our Town Girl

THESE roses came from Kent to me on magic morning feet. Only a little four-walled room their loveliness could greet; No sky, but just a ceiling's stare for them, so dewy sweet.

IT seems they turn their heads to see such strangeness everywhere, A bed not of brown earth, but one of restlessness and care. (To me it seemed each flower was a little gathered prayer.)

I HAVE not seen their garden home, but peace and great-souled trees I seem to see, and singing birds, and crazy paths, and bees Moving among blue swaying flowers like gentle rocking seas;

AN archway walk of pergolas where ramblers reach their hands, With lover's touch, on bending heads that pass; and twisting strands Of jasmine and lavender like mist-blue fairy wands.

THESE things I see, and also one whose moving footsteps bent Across his morning garden for these roses which he sent, Till round my room, from their small hearts, great clouds of beauty went.

I Saw a New Earth

I SAW a new heaven and a new earth, for the first heaven and the first earth had passed away, and the sea was no more.

And I heard a loud voice out of the throne, saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself will be with them, their God; and God will wipe away every tear from their eyes, and death shall be no more, neither shall mourning, nor crying, nor pain be any more; for the former things are passed away.

And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new. To him that thirsteth I will give of the fountain of the water of life freely. He that overcometh shall inherit these things.

The twelve gates were twelve pearls; every several gate was of one pearl. The street of the city was pure gold, like transparent glass. And I saw no temple therein, for the Lord God is its temple. And the nations will walk by the light of it, and the kings of the earth bring their glory into it, and the gates of it shall not be shut by day, for there will be no night there; they will bring the glory and the honour of the nations into it. And there shall not enter into it anything unclean, or that worketh abomination and falsehood.

From the Revelation of Saint John

October 21, 1933

WHAT WE STAND FOR

650 YEARS OF PARLIAMENT AND FREEDOM

The Best System of Government in the World

A GREAT BRITISH SPEECH AT THE LEAGUE

*As long as we remain, we must speak free,
Though all the storm of Europe on us break;
No little German State are we,
But the one voice in Europe: we must speak;
That, if tonight our greatness were struck dead,
There might be left some record of the things we said.*

The old spirit of England blazed furiously for an hour once more in the heart of the nations the other day. It was like old times.

It was at the Assembly of the League, when our First Commissioner of Works, who at home looks after the strength and repair of our buildings, took upon himself the high task abroad of looking after the strength of the old English spirit still alive in the world.

A Shuddering Thought

It arose from the speech of the German delegate, Dr Goebbels, who maintained that the Jews were not a racial minority in Germany entitled to protection by the League, but a special political problem which Germany was entitled to dispose of as she pleased; it was entirely her own affair. Germany, said Dr Goebbels, in effect, was determined to establish her strength on the basis of a pure German race.

It was upon this point that our delegate based his splendid speech to the Assembly.

Mr Ormsby-Gore began by saying that the views expressed by the German representative were not acceptable to the British Delegation.

He shuddered to think of the consequences which the German conception of a State would bring about in international races. The State having a race basis, he said, would undertake to concern itself with citizens of the same race belonging to another State.

The Mixed British Empire

I tremble to think (he continued in a humorous vein) of the responsibilities of my Government in respect of every citizen of the United States who claims descent from those who went over in the Mayflower—and there are millions—if this idea were put into operation.

Now we reject absolutely this conception put forward by the German delegate yesterday regarding the racial homogeneity of political units and States. How could we do otherwise? Look at the British Empire, people of every race, every colour, every creed! Why, even in our little island we have a population of the most mixed stock. Ever since Neolithic times there has been an infiltration into Britain of various races, and inside our own unit we have three quite conscious nationalities—the English, the Scotch, and the Welsh, each again subdivided into many races.

The Basis of English Liberties

This Aryan doctrine cannot apply to the British Empire, for the danger of attempting to base our political systems on a racial basis implies the ascendancy of the majority race, while it has always been a cardinal principle of the British Empire that no person shall be debarred from holding office under the Crown.

That is fundamental, and the only thing that holds the British Empire together is equality of status and freedom. If we were to substitute for our present conceptions of the British Empire this conception of the race ascendancy of one element in it, it

THE JACKDAW OF LYDNEY

TRUTH is often stranger than fiction, and it seems that, after all, the Jackdaw of Rheims was not such an unusual bird as we usually think.

When the children of Lydney in Gloucestershire assembled for the harvest festival they must have found it hard to keep their dignified faces, for in front of the choir flew Jack, a well-known jackdaw of the district.

He made straight for the chancel, sat in one of the choir seats and looked perkily about him, turning over the leaves of a hymn book with his beak. But he had one eye on the choir, and when they began to file in he flew over to the lectern. Here his attention was attracted by the Bible, and, looking very wise, he held a page in his bill. During

most of the service he was as good as gold; in fact, his behaviour was as discreet as that of the Jackdaw of Rheims. While many remarked, as his manners they saw, That they never had seen such a pious jackdaw.

He seemed to have settled down. But suddenly he glanced about inquiringly and, with a great fluttering of wings, flew on to the pulpit. From here he looked down on the congregation as if he were about to preach. When the vicar came toward the pulpit he flew to the lectern and pecked at some grapes. Perhaps the sermon had a good effect on him, for presently he settled down and remained as good as a jackdaw can be to the end of the service.

TWO ON A TOWER



The work of repainting and repairing the Blackpool Tower goes on continuously throughout the year. Here are two men busy on the girders of the tower, which is 520 feet high.

Continued from the previous column

would be the end. The British Empire does not conceive of itself in terms of racial solidarity, but in terms of the free association of free people, encouraged to develop their national consciousness within the greater unity.

We believe firmly in the Parliamentary system, whereby minorities can be heard and can bring their case to a Government, and in a free Press. Parliamentary institutions are the cement of the British Empire.

We believe that the liberties of England are based on Parliamentary government. It is an institution which has survived in our country unbroken for 650 years, and neither in the name of democracy nor of anything else are we going to abandon our free Parliamentary system, whereby no Government shall introduce a law or a decree until it has been discussed in the face of minorities and oppositions and gone through clause by clause and line by line.

A WRITER OF HISTORY

Lady Burghclere's Work is Done

"A great lady has gone from us and we mourn her loss."

This is what a friend has said of Lady Burghclere, who has passed on, leaving behind her a brightness in the memories of all who knew her.

Generous, witty, intensely sympathetic with humans and with animals, it has been said of Lady Burghclere that she never said an unkind thing of anyone. She had many gifts, and was well known as a historian and scholar. Some of the work she did in the world will be of great use to future generations.

Her historical writings are looked on by many as an important contribution to learning, and it is believed that her Life of Strafford and other books will be read long after our best-sellers have been forgotten.

CATASTROPHE THAT SHOCKS THE WORLD

THE SELFISH PASSIONS OF MAN

Tragic Change the German Government Has Brought About
AN ODISIOUS PERSECUTION

This is Sir Austen Chamberlain's speech at the Albert Hall to the ten thousand people gathered there to hear the most famous refugee in the world, Dr Einstein, the most intellectual German alive, driven from his homeland by the persecuting spirit of the new German Government.

Do you recognise what a catastrophe it is of which we are calling upon you to succour the victims? Every now and then the world is shocked and moved by some great catastrophe which wipes out a city. We are faced with something worse—a catastrophe produced by an act of man, the destruction of civilisation, not as the result of the uncontrollable forces of Nature but of the selfish passions of man.

What We Can Do

You who have reached middle age, who have studied for a particular career, if because of the colour of your hair you were suddenly driven out into the street and forbidden to practise your profession or trade—it would be more unreasonable but it would be less odious than that which has taken place in Germany.

Imagine that your children whom you had been training to take their part as decent and useful citizens of the country to which they owed allegiance were told that the careers for which they were working were closed to them and that if they remained in the country of their birth they could only remain as hewers of wood and drawers of water for a portion of their country who claimed to be superior.

I can imagine that no greater tragedy could strike learning, art, and science than the proscription in these days of the twentieth century of a whole race of people who have distinguished themselves in the arts and sciences of every country and through all the ages. We may protest; we cannot alter. But we can do something to alleviate the sufferings which have been so needlessly caused and to secure for a human race the development of the gifts with which God has endowed His people whether they be born in one country or in another.

Diverted Sympathy

Politics are strictly forbidden to the speaker, and even if they were not I do not suppose words of mine would be allowed to penetrate, certainly not to circulate, freely in Nazi Germany, but I hope that those who organised this meeting made proper provision for the representatives of the German press in London. I think not so long ago you could have filled this hall as full as it is tonight with a British audience desiring to express sympathy with Germany because so many of my countrymen thought that we and other nations had not fully discharged our duties to it.

What a change has been wrought by a few short months! Not by any Englishman counselling caution, advising a longer experience, or raising doubts as to the disposition of the German Government and people. The revolution has been made by the action of the German Government, and this hall tonight is filled with people who came not to sympathise with the German Government and those it represents, but to sympathise with and to help those whom that Government has expelled from the country.

DEFYING JUSTICE

By the method of each defending himself no nation is safe unless stronger than its rival, in which case the rival is not safe. Each must be stronger than the other. The method not only defies physical possibility but also equality of right—Justice. Sir Norman Angell

WALKING WITH THE TRAIN

The Foxglove Line on the Rimutakas

Picking flowers from slow trains seems to take one back to the man with the red flag, or the passengers who had to get out and gather fuel to keep the engine fire burning.

But that such wild-flower gathering is not a jesting fable is proved by a letter telling of a railway trip in the North Island of New Zealand.

The line has to climb over the Rimutakas, and the Rimutakas are steep. Three engines pull the train up the hill, their cogs fitting into a ratched rail. The utmost they can do is three miles an hour.

And so, when the climb begins, the passengers get out and walk, only too thankful to stretch their legs among the foxgloves growing up the slope.

At the top of the hill all three engines whistle vigorously to call the passengers back to their carriages. Back they throng, their arms full of foxgloves to prove to their friends and relatives at Wellington that they have walked up the Rimutakas beside the train.

A RIVAL FOR WHEAT?

With the march of science wheat is likely to acquire a rival on the western plains of Queensland.

There flourishes Mitchell grass (one among the 450 kinds of native grasses in this State) which needs only to have the kernel increased to be pronounced superior to wheat, which it resembles in appearance.

Its advantages are these. It is perennial, and needs only to be sown once. Its deep roots (some are four feet long) make it less dependent on rain than an annual cereal, and its food value is undoubted. It has a reputation for breeding sheep, growing wool, and imparting stamina to stock. Aborigines are reported to crush the grain between stones for food.

Experiments in selection, crossing, and breeding are being carried out by Dr Hirschfeld and his son, and it is hoped one day to develop the grain to the size of the wheat kernel.

A CLOCK TRADE BOOM

Striking proof of the progress made by our clockmakers is shown by figures quoted by a leading member of the London Jewellers and Allied Trades.

Clockmaking is one of the most progressive and prosperous industries in the country today. Up to last year we had recaptured about a quarter of the trade which foreigners had almost to themselves for about fifty years.

The London Jewellers Association represents almost the whole of the industry in this country, and the number of clocks made and sold by its members rose from 29,000 in 1930 to 55,000 in 1931. In 1932 it rose to 80,000.

CHARACTER COUNTS

In future the mere passing of examinations will be quite an inadequate criterion of a boy's worth to the Navy.

Recent Admiralty orders state that the selection of boys for advancement must be governed by their suitability as regards character, service, self-reliance, physical fitness, and capacity to hold their own among the ship's company, besides the mere passing of the qualifying examination.

THE LITTERER OF THE SIDCUP ROAD

One more lorry loaded with waste-paper has tipped over its load on the Sidcup Road, littering this great arterial way for half a mile.

There is always somebody paid out of the rates to pick it up again, but how long, we wonder, are these things to be?

RUSSIA'S NATIONAL INCOME

Doubled Since 1926

The Russian Government claims that the income of the Soviet Union has increased enormously since 1926.

In that year, it is calculated, the Russian National Income (the income of all its people) was about that in 1913. It had taken eight years of peace to restore the income enjoyed before the war.

Since 1926, however, the income has been doubled, which also means, if the estimates are correct, that the Russian people, as a whole, have now twice the income of 1913.

This change has been chiefly due to the advance of industry. In the development of the first Five Year Plan, which ended in 1932, ten million workers were added to industrial operations in the European and Asiatic territories.

Other important points are that heavy industries are now over three times as great as in 1913, and the building trade has grown in the same way.

A SURPRISE FOR THE DRESSMAKER

A delightful story comes from San Remo.

A dressmaker said to her little girl: "Now that you are ten it is time you learned to help me. I am going to teach you to use a machine."

She dared not let the child use her own machine, her precious means of livelihood, so she went up to the attic and brought down a rusty old thing which had come to her as a share of her mother's property.

"I shall have to give it a good old bath," she said, and removed it from its stand. Hidden underneath the machine was a dirty roll of paper.

One glance set her heart beating like fury. Then she hurried to the bank. Yes, she was told, the paper represented £700 in Italian Treasury Bonds.

We can imagine the mother saying: "If my daughter is industrious and uses the machine much, she will have to clean it, and will find the money. If not, she doesn't deserve it."

The money had lain hidden for 13 years.

UP THE LADDER

No one who knows the lower reaches of the Thames fails to look eagerly for one of the handsome vessels of the Union-Castle Line, but there is no man living who looks on them with more pride than Mr Robertson Fyffe Gibb, the chairman of the Company, for he has now given fifty years to this magnificent fleet, which has carried the mails from England to South Africa for generations.

Mr Gibb joined the company as a junior clerk at 15, worked his way up to manager, and then became chairman.

The line has increased its reputation despite these hard times, which have specially hit our shipping, and it owes more than can be said to the vigour and enthusiasm of its chairman.

THE PEARL

An interesting new use has been found for X-rays.

On the pearling grounds the only way to find out whether an oyster had a pearl in the shell was to open and kill the oyster.

This involved the useless destruction of innumerable oysters which might in time have been pearl-producing.

Now an oyster is X-rayed, and if it has no pearl it is put back into the sea.

WHAT HE WILL BE

At the Conference of the Association of Headmistresses the other day a story was told of a boy whose work was marked by devotion to chemistry.

His master asked him what sort of chemist he intended to be. The boy answered, "A cash chemist, sir!"

THE CHANCES OF THESE DAYS

A New Sort of Post

Keen boys are always on the alert to hear of a new sort of job. They may now hope to become what is known as Business Administrators.

For two years now the London School of Economics has had a course of training for business management, including training in discipline and in the judgment required for handling practical problems. Marketing, production, finance, statistics, accounting, and personnel management are included in the subjects, and the students visit factories, shops, and offices.

Men possessing the diploma must have a university degree in order to obtain a job. Boys will not be able to go in for the course till they are about 22. But it looks as if the thing is well worth doing, for definite posts and salaries will be offered to students if they are satisfactory.

THE LITTER LOU'S INGRATITUDE

Every night, when the last happy child has left the play centre on the Foundling Hospital site in London, a friend of the C.N. has noticed that the ground is strewn with litter.

Surely the children, many of whom bring their lunch and tea with them during the holidays, could be taught to put their paper bags and wrappings in the litter baskets.

On one evening lately the Foundling site was more ugly than ever, but early the next morning it was a surprise to see the grass green and unblemished as if it had never been trodden by a Litter Lou. Every fragment of paper had been removed; but this unpleasant task, which cost time and labour, had doubtless been done by a grown-up who, like our park-keepers, had to pick up the leavings of lazy people who might surely show gratitude for all that has been done for them by leaving the ground tidy.

We should like to see here the practice they have in parts of the Continent, making the Litter Lou pick up other people's litter as well as his own.

A JOLLY INVITATION

A round-faced, snub-nosed man with an eyeglass and a stammer does not give the impression of a hero; but Captain Gordon-Bell belied his looks.

There is a good story about him in *An Airman Marches*, the new book of Mr H. H. Balfour, M.P.

During the war there arrived the first Sopwith "one-and-a-half strutters," which were reputed to shed their wings and break up in a dive.

Gordon-Bell called another airman to the side of the machine and said:

Tommy Sopwith says the wings come off at 140 miles an hour. I am just going up to see. Get in.

WHERE HE WAS

Lord Fisher, our great sailor, one of the most difficult men who ever served the State faithfully and well, once disappeared during the war in a crisis, differing on some question of policy, and this story is now told of it in a letter to *The Times*.

In the early evening of the day on which public curiosity was at its height Lord Fisher strode into a hairdressing shop in Bond Street, and throwing himself into the chair next to the one I was just vacating said to the attendant: "Come along. There are many things I ought to be thinking about, but all the time I keep thinking that I must get my hair cut."

On reaching the street I was faced with a man selling the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The placard he carried bore the words: "Where is Lord Fisher?"

PETER PUCK AND BRER RABBIT

The Steel-Toothed Trap

"Is this a land of justice?" asked Brer Rabbit the other day when he came across Peter Puck burying litter on Coneyfrisk Heath after a picnic.

"Of course it is," answered Peter Puck. "Why, what's the matter?"

"Do you know that about 50 million rabbits are killed in this country every year and that thousands of these are caught in steel-toothed traps which cause them to die in torment?"

"But haven't you heard the news?" asked Peter Puck. "Your good friends the R.S.P.C.A. held a special week at the end of September to try to make people all over the country realise the sufferings of trapped rabbits."

"They are determined to stop the cruelty of the steel-toothed trap, and are convinced that once the public knows about the torture caused by this relic of barbarism there will be such an outcry that it will only be a question of weeks before the atrocity is abolished."

"So cheer up, Brer Rabbit," said Peter Puck as he placed a piece of moss over the last piece of litter. "Tell your friends that better times are coming, and soon the only place to find a steel-toothed trap in will be a museum."

GOD'S BOOK

A lady missionary in Africa saw an unknown native coming toward her.

He was dressed in the customary skins and was leading a goat. He put down his spear and tied up the goat, and then said: "White lady, has God's Book arrived in our country?"

"Are you interested in God's Book?" she said.

"Yes," replied the native; "my son brought me these pieces of paper, and has been teaching me the words, 'God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son.' I heard that God's Book had arrived, and have walked for five days, and I have brought this goat to buy God's Book."

Then she showed him a copy of the Bible and found the place where the words were printed.

"Give me that Book," he entreated, "and you may keep the goat."

Then he walked up and down, pressing the book to his heart and saying: "God's Book, God's Book. He has spoken. God has spoken to us in our own language."

He returned to his country with God's Book, a country where no missionary is.

A.A. ROUTES

Members and non-members have much to be thankful for to the A.A.

The sight of the familiar yellow uniform seems the pleasantest thing on Earth to the motorist standing by an obstinate car. We are guided past dangerous cross-roads, and warned of bad roads and told of good hotels.

But there is another very large branch of this service. Any member travelling through strange country may go armed with a route map prepared for him by the A.A. It matters not whether the journey is from Land's End to Aberdeen or just across the Yorkshire moors; an excellent route diagram will be sent to him free. And the A.A. prepares and sends out 16,000 of these route maps every week.

SMALL FIRMS SURVIVE

The deeply-interesting book just published on London Life and Labour shows that it is not true that all small firms are being crushed out of existence by big ones, although it may be true in some industries.

If we take the London firms employing more than ten persons we find that half employ less than 25, while nearly nine firms out of ten employ less than 100 workers.

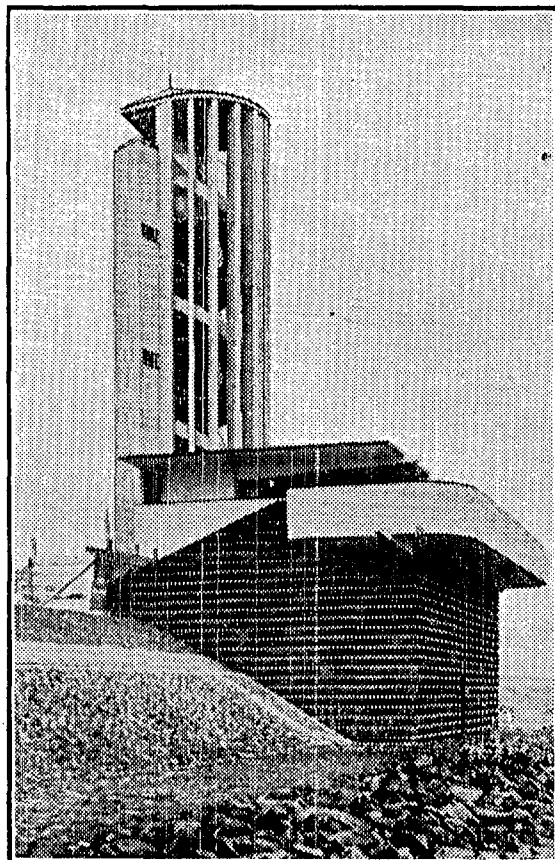
FLYING-BOAT ENGINES • ZUYDER ZEE TOWER • THE PIED PIPER



Aerial Engineers—These young men, who are being trained for aerial work at Southampton, are studying the mechanism of a flying-boat engine.



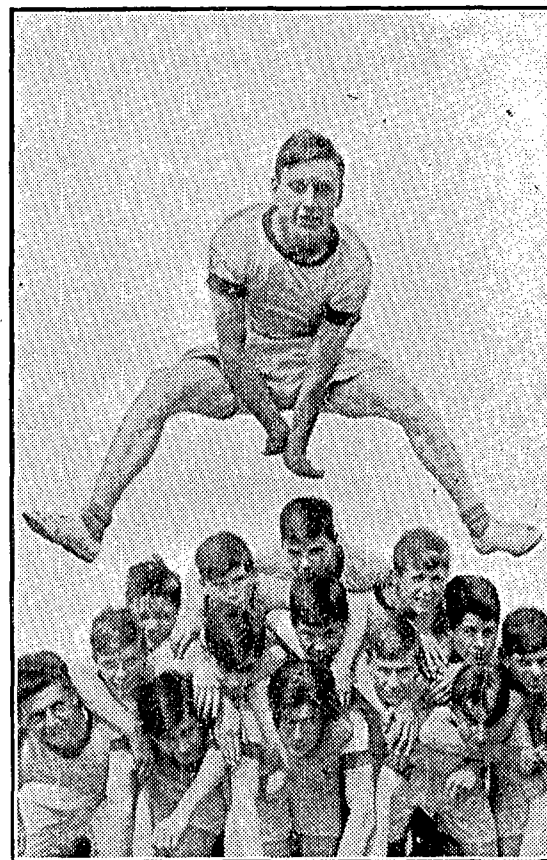
On the Albert Memorial—The elaborate metal work on the canopy of the Albert Memorial in Kensington Gardens has lately been cleaned and repaired.



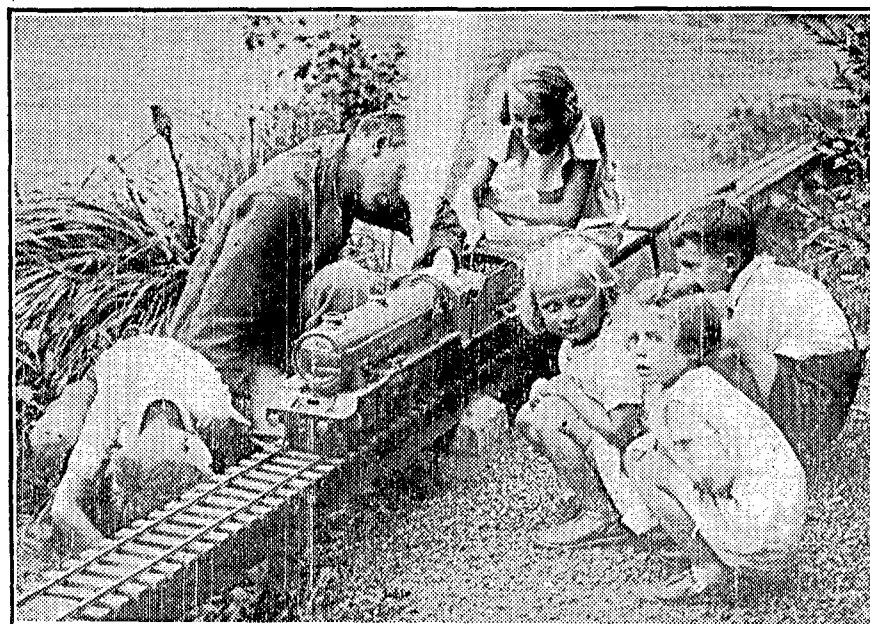
The Zuyder Zee Tower—Here is the Lookout Tower which, as described in last week's C.N., has been built on the great dyke across the mouth of the Zuyder Zee.



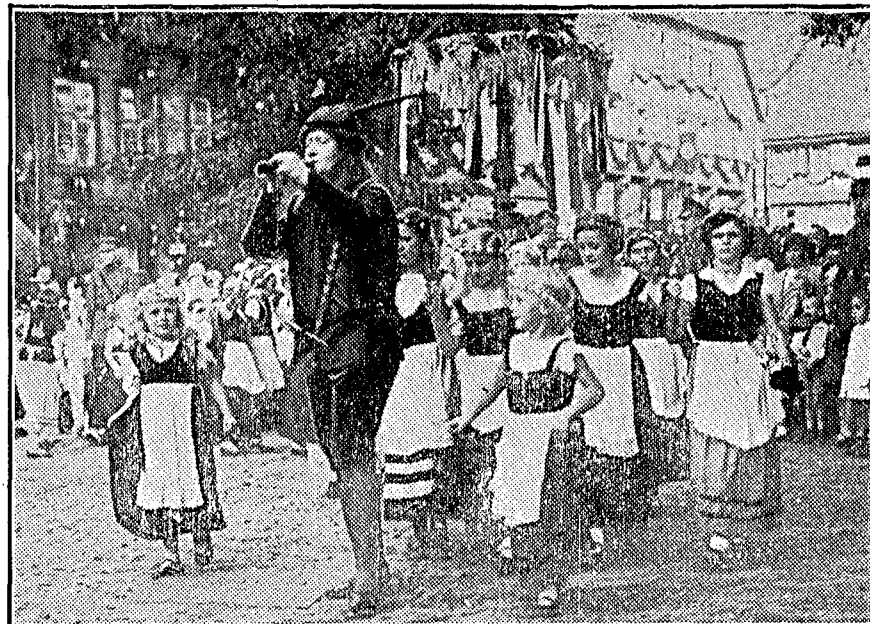
Watching the World Go By—These little West Highland terriers, one of them very young, appear to be keenly interested in something seen from a window of their home at Reading.



A Big Jump—Leap-frog on the grand scale is shown in this picture which was taken the other day during physical exercises at a Basingstoke agricultural college.



A Peter Pan Railway—A scale model engine which pulls a load of over 10 cwts has been built by Mr J. R. Gladden of Sutton, Norfolk, in his spare time during the last three years. It was made entirely from raw materials, and consumes one pound of coal an hour.



The Pied Piper Again—The Harvest Home celebrations in the German town of Hameln included a pageant of the legendary ratcatcher whose fame has been spread throughout the English-speaking world by Browning's poem *The Pied Piper of Hamelin*.

STRANGE STORY OF THE LITTLE SEA-HORSE

HIPPOCAMPUS IN PLYMOUTH WATERS

Changing Its Colour To Suit Its Surroundings

FATHER FISH AND THE BABIES

By a Laboratory Correspondent

A great rarity was caught a few miles outside Plymouth Sound the other day in the ring trawl which is used for capturing small floating animals.

This is the little Sea-horse, or Hippocampus, seldom seen in these waters. The last recorded was in 1911, when a specimen was found in Plymouth Sound.

It does not breed here but comes from warmer waters, being common in the Mediterranean, where it is often brilliantly coloured. The long flexible tail curls round weed and other objects, which, drifting away, probably account for its presence far from home.

The one now living happily in a small tank in the Plymouth Aquarium has been given a piece of soft branching coral, to which it can cling by its coiling tail. It can change its colour to suit its surroundings, and is now pinkish to match the coral, although it was a dark greenish brown when first brought in.

Perfectly At Home

Hardly two inches long, with its little body very upright and its tail firmly fixed round a coral branch, it looks perfectly at home, now and then swaying from side to side as the water flows into the aquarium, sometimes loosening itself and swimming about.

The sea-horse has been an object of curiosity and a subject for poems and decorative pictures for centuries. Those who have only seen dead specimens can hardly imagine what a wonderful little animal the sea-horse is when alive.

The horse-like head, back fin sticking up like a mane, and bony armour are all familiar; but it is the most beautiful and dainty fish perched on its coral branch or swimming by means of the rippling rhythm of its filmy back fin, its front side fins and minute under-fins, which correspond to our arms and legs.

Method of Swimming

It has no fin on its tail, which is naturally curled inward, in a spiral. The tail can, however, straighten out, and when on rare occasions the sea-horse swims fast it can move quickly by lashing its tail from side to side. The usual method of swimming is with the body upright, head upward, tail downward; and the movements of the fins are scarcely perceptible, so quick is the vibration as it glides along slowly in the water.

The head and body are covered with a bony jointed armour, a bony ring corresponding to each vertebra. The mouth is tubular, and the fish feeds on minute floating animals, drawing them in by puffing out its large cheek plates and drawing in the water by suction. Like many fishes it can look one way with one eye and another way with the other, so that it is able to watch for an enemy and catch its food at the same time.

How the Eggs Are Carried

Perhaps the most interesting thing about the sea-horse is that the father fish carries the eggs in a pouch on the under side of its body, in front as it swims, until they hatch. The eggs are transferred to this pouch by the mother directly they are laid, and she has nothing more to do with them. For about a month they remain in the father's pouch; then they emerge from a small aperture as tiny sea-horses shaped like the parent, but with a larger head and body and smaller tail. These small babies swim away at once and probably never see the father and mother any more.

WHO WILL BEGIN THE BATTLE?

The Chance For the Boys Brigade

BISHOP'S JUBILEE TALK

The Bishop of Chelmsford preached the Jubilee sermon to the Boys Brigade in St Paul's from the text, Who shall begin the battle? Three thousand officers and boys were present, and we take this passage from the Bishop's address.

You boys of this magnificent organisation can do something for England which no one else can do. You can win the battle against depression, suspicion, ill-feeling, vice, and all the other evil things which tend to sap the life of the nation; and I believe you are going to do it.

I believe the boys of our land are every bit as good in courage and in resolution as their forebears; but you can only win the battle and restore all the hopes of our country by showing those qualities of unselfishness, perseverance, courage, and purity of heart and life which are essential.

How To Win

I know no source from which we can derive this power except from our religion, and that is why I am afraid I have not great enthusiasm for work among boys which is of a merely philanthropic kind. We can never succeed in building up human character except on a religious foundation, and I thankfully recognise that it is this for which the Boys Brigade stands.

If you want to win a game the surest way to do it is by attacking. If you play on the defensive you are sure to lose, and if we are going to win this great battle today we must be the first to attack. We must face up to these things and boldly attack them: uncleanness, class suspicion, contempt for other nations, disparagement of our own country, and a great many more things which are really evidences of an absence of healthy and manly spirit.

The Boys Brigade can do a great thing in these days. I believe it can win the battle of the future, and if you play your part then the God who has made us mighty will make us mightier yet.

THE LAST ROLL CALL

Elizabeth Butler Answers It

A woman whose name was a household word last century has passed to her rest at 82.

She was Lady Butler, the wife of Sir William Butler, a general who had the courage to declare in 1899 that warfare with the Boers could be avoided, resigning his command of the British forces in South Africa as a protest.

Before her marriage Lady Butler was Elizabeth Thompson, the sister of Alice Thompson, our greatest woman poet since Mrs Browning. While her accomplished sister was writing her lovely lyrics on peaceful things Elizabeth devoted her talents to painting military scenes. In her most famous painting, The Roll Call, there is a strong protest against the stupidity of war. The treatment of her subjects was not lacking in strength and vigour, as we see in Scotland For Ever and Floreat Etona.

Ruskin was so moved by her picture of Quatre Bras that he described her as one of the finest modern painters of battle scenes. Slighter work from her hand, as illustrations to the poems of her sister Alice (better known today as Mrs Meynell), revealed that she was a true woman at heart, devoted to the happier phases of human life.

She will ever be numbered among the great Victorians and among the pioneers of woman's work.

Bournemouth is abolishing the trams.

A train has reached 92 miles an hour on the run from Coventry to Euston.

£25,000 FOR SAVING A LIFE

A Good Deed in a Kind World

MAGNIFICENT MEMORIAL TO A SURGEON'S SKILL

Because a surgeon of Middlesex Hospital spent 19 days five years ago fighting for a man's life his hospital is now to have the finest X-ray department in the world.

Mr Alfred Webb-Johnson performed three major operations during those 19 days, and saved his patient's life. He had saved hundreds of lives before, his work and writings must have helped to save hundreds more, and now he is to see his dearest wish come true—a new and excellent X-ray department added to Middlesex Hospital. The patient for whose life he fought so long has given £25,000 for this department, and if this is not enough to make it the best in the world the donor says he will make it more.

It is Mr W. H. Collins, the generous director of the Cerebos salt firm, who is setting up this fine memorial to the skill that saved him. Now he declares that he can never repay the surgeon, for everything in his life during the last five years has been a bonus due to him. But Mr Collins was not content, as some people are, to say he could never repay; he set about finding what would best please the surgeon, and when he announced his gift to Middlesex Hospital he added: "As far as I am concerned the new department is a memorial to Alfred Webb-Johnson." It is a kind old world.

QUIET PLACES FOR THINKING MEN

Wisdom in the Lighthouse

The interesting suggestion that men of science who need quiet times for research and deep thinking should be given posts in lonely places was made the other day by Professor Einstein, in these words.

In this connection I should like to give expression to an idea which has occurred to me recently. I lived in solitude in the country and noticed how the monotony of a quiet life stimulates the creative mind. There are certain callings in our modern organisation which entail an isolated life without making a great claim on bodily and intellectual effort. I think of such occupations as the service in lighthouses and lightships. Would it not be possible to fill such places with young people who wish to think out scientific problems?

FRUIT REPLACING CORN

Kent Loses a Centenary

Missing its centenary by only three years the Agricultural Association at Sittingbourne, one of the oldest in Kent, has dissolved.

It was founded in the interests of corn-growing, but the surrounding district has been so largely converted into pastures and orchards that it finds no work to do.

One of the curious facts about this association is that for the greater part of its existence it has had a Harris as President and Secretary, four successive Lords Harris having been its Presidents and Mr W. J. Harris and his son Cecil having been honorary secretaries for sixty years.

THE HOLIDAY OF THE ROYAL SCOT

The Royal Scot train of the L.M.S., which has been inspected by nearly 2,000,000 visitors since it went to America for the Chicago Exhibition, is making an extended tour of 41 American and Canadian cities before returning to England next month.

A ROOM FULL OF BEAUTY

SURPRISE FOR STUDENTS BACK AT WORK

The Generous Surgeon Who Gave Us Darwin's House

A SHOWER OF BLESSINGS

A secret benefaction has been revealed to the students of the medical school of University College Hospital.

When they returned from their holidays they found a new senior common room fitted with some beautiful furniture. Its walls were adorned with portraits and paintings by famous British and Continental artists, while the time was indicated by an old clock made by Thomas Tompion and a grandfather clock with a dial of Battersea enamel, a great rarity.

It is to Sir Buckston Browne that this kindly gift is due, and he gave it because he felt that medical men have so much that is unpleasant to gaze on in their hours of work that they need beautiful things round them in their leisure.

Among the portraits are examples by Sir Peter Lely, Angelica Kauffmann, and James Northcote, the artist who so faithfully portrayed Edward Jenner; while Greuze, Guido Reni, and Appelles are represented by subject pictures.

Our Debt To Sir Buckston Browne

Sir Buckston Browne has retired from surgery himself and devotes his leisure to collecting beautiful things he evidently loves to share with the medical men who are to carry on his good work. He it was who six years ago bought for the nation Down House in Kent, the home in which Darwin lived for forty years and wrote his Origin of Species.

Not content with preserving this historic house Sir Buckston Browne last year spent £100,000 in building and endowing a surgical research farm in the grounds, where our friend Sir Arthur Keith now carries on research.

Two other gifts reflect the interest of Sir Buckston Browne in art and in humanity. He came across unknown portraits of John Hunter and John Wesley, and presented one to the Royal College of Surgeons and one to Wesley House at Cambridge. Sir Buckston has led a very busy and distinguished life, and a great host of people owe him a debt of gratitude.

BREAKING THE GRAMOPHONE RECORD

A Hundred Trees a Day

One would not expect a gramophone company to go in for breaking records, but the H.M.V. Company seems to be doing something of the kind, for it has just engaged another thousand employees for its factories at Hayes, Middlesex, to cope with the unexpectedly large number of orders received after the London and Glasgow Radio Exhibitions.

These extra workers are to help in the manufacture of wireless sets and radio-gramophones at the largest factories of the kind in Europe. So important is the plant that it has its own post office and railway station. A thousand wireless sets a day are made, and for their manufacture more electric current is used than would be required by a town the size of Reading. Nearly a hundred trees from all parts of the world are used for cabinets every day.

Mr Richard Haigh, the English manager of the company, says that the large orders received will bring prosperity to thousands of radio dealers all over the country. Then they will be able to spend more and help other industries to thrive as this one is doing.

THE CHAINED LADY

A VERY ANCIENT CONSTELLATION

Wonders of the Stars of Andromeda

DOUBLE AND TRIPLE SUNS

By the C.N. Astronomer

The famous constellation of Andromeda is now almost overhead between 10 and 11 o'clock in the evening, while earlier it is a little toward the south-east. Its position is indicated in the accompanying star-map.

Andromeda, the daughter of King Cepheus and Queen Cassiopeia, was the lady who, according to Greek mythology, was chained to a wave-beaten rock at the instance of Neptune, while Cetus the Sea-monster was to have devoured her; but Perseus effected her rescue.

Such is the Greek form of a story which evidently goes back to a time long anterior to Greek records, since there are most ancient Sanskrit references to Antarmada chained to a rock. In view of all that is known, this con-



The chief stars of Andromeda, as seen facing South-East. The Andromedid meteors radiate from the region marked by the circle

stellation probably dates from at least 8000 years ago.

Its brightest and leading star is Alpherat or Alpha in Andromeda, situated at the upper left-hand corner of the Great Square of Pegasus, which is easily identified high up in the southern sky at the present time. This star thus deprives Pegasus of entire possession of the famous Square.

Alpherat is a great sun similar to Sirius but much larger; radiating about 170 times more light than our Sun, whereas Sirius radiates 30 times as much. But Alpherat is 116 light-years distant, about 7,342,000 times farther away than our Sun. Like Sirius, it has a companion body which, according to spectroscopic evidence, revolves round Alpherat in about 100 days.

Beta in Andromeda, also known as Mirach, is 72 light-years away, or about 4,556,000 times the Sun's distance. It is a great reddish sun, radiating, area for area, only about half the heat of our Sun; but, owing to its immensity, Beta radiates a total of about 60 times as much.

Gamma in Andromeda, also known as Almach, is a beautiful telescopic sight, being composed of three stars, the largest of third magnitude and golden; the other two, very close together, appear as a fifth-magnitude star in smaller telescopes and are blue in tint.

Coloured Suns

This is an arrangement of colours usually found in binary stars, the colour of the smaller suns resulting from the more advanced stage of stellar evolution reached, as compared with the larger and more central body; the smaller suns assuming a bluish, greenish, or lilac hue if not white.

In this case the larger sun is a giant radiating between 1500 and 2000 times the light of our Sun, but from a distance between 350 and 450 light-years away. The two smaller suns together radiate between 80 and 100 times the light of our Sun and revolve round a centre of gravity between them in 55 years. It is from a point slightly above and to the west of Almach that the famous Andromedid meteors radiate.

Delta in Andromeda is about 125 light-years distant, while Mu in Andromeda is 99 light-years away and composed of two stars, one very faint and probably much more distant, being only seen in the line of sight. G. F. M.

WHY DO THINGS HAPPEN?

We have received hundreds of questions which children would like to have answered. They have come from schools in all parts of the country. Here is the fourth group of answers.

How is Ink Made?

The first writing ink was made of lamp black (the very fine carbon made by a smoking oil lamp) mixed with a solution of gum in water. Indian ink is still made in this way. Now we make writing ink from a mixture of iron sulphate, tannic acid (the same as tannin in strong tea that has stood in the pot a long time), and gallic acid obtained from oak galls, or oak apples.

These three chemicals mixed together produce an intense black, so that even small drops will make permanent black marks on paper. A little hydrochloric acid is added to prevent the ink changing in the bottle, and some gum to thicken it. One ounce of this mixture makes five pints of good ink by adding water.

What Gives Flowers Their Colour and Perfume?

Like the chlorophyll that makes grass green, there are delicate colouring matters in the microscopic cells of the flower petals. Grown from the same seed under exactly the same conditions, the flower will always (with the help of sunlight) make the same colouring matter for itself; but it is so delicate a process of chemistry that sometimes a difference in the soil will make the flower change its colour.

The perfume is due to the most minute invisible particles which the flower's petals are always giving off. These come into contact with nerves of smell and give rise to the sensation we call a pleasant smell.

These perfume particles are so minute that when tested by the most delicate scales no difference in the weight of a grain of musk could be detected after it had been giving off these strongly smelling particles for a year.

Why is the Sea Salt?

The sea contains several other salts besides the salt we use in our food, but, though the total amount of salts varies in different parts of the ocean according to temperature, the entrance of fresh water from large rivers, and so on, the proportions of the different salts are the same everywhere. That is, in every 100 parts of various salts in 1000 parts of sea water 89 parts will always be common salt.

In river water it has been found that there will only be seven parts of common salt in 100 as against 89 in sea water.

Another remarkable fact is that in the gases and vapours that come from volcanic eruptions the proportions of the salts are very nearly the same as in the ocean. For this reason scientists think that the sea has been salt since the first ocean was formed.

How Are Diamonds Formed?

If we boil away the water of a solution of washing soda over a gas ring we find some white crystals left. Examined with a magnifying-glass, it is seen that each crystal has a definite shape. This shape is always the same for the same substance and most crystals are more or less transparent.

Diamonds are crystals of carbon: the same substance as the graphite of a lead pencil, or charcoal, soot, and other forms of this very common form of matter. But diamonds are not common because so far only Nature can make carbon into these hard, transparent crystals, and she has not often done it. Moreover, we do not know clearly what the solution is out of which the diamonds crystallise.

In making diamonds immense volcanic heat takes the place of the gas ring, and there are, in addition, tremendous pressures of overlying rocks and long periods of time. Man can probably produce the necessary heat and pressure, but so much time appears to be required that no one has been able to imitate Nature.

ONE MORE HERO

A Victim of X-Rays

WILLIAM HOPE FOWLER JOINS A GALLANT HOST

It was last New Year's Day that the name of William Hope Fowler appeared in the Honours List, and on his investiture he received the personal praise of the King for his work on X-rays.

He had already lost his right arm and the fingers of his left hand by the disease which comes from exposure to these rays. Now Mr Fowler has gone to join that gallant band of heroes who have sacrificed their lives to their work for mankind.

Mr Fowler was only 57 and had been an enthusiastic student of radiology all his life. He rendered great service to both the Admiralty and the War Office during the war.

He was educated at Edinburgh University, and for the best part of this century has directed X-ray work in that city.

The pioneers of this science, which has been the means of saving countless lives, did not realise that inherent in the rays is a property as deadly as it is beneficial, and many were the forfeits they incurred in their devoted labours. At one time indeed it was suggested that the use of a remedy so dangerous to those who had to handle it should be discontinued, but to the honour of Dr Fowler and other scientists that suggestion was entirely dropped, though the rays have proved fatal to many of them.

MEN OF GOOD HOPE

Tying a House To the Hillside

A VERY AWKWARD CASE

There is often a great deal in a name, and obviously much in a name like the Cape of Good Hope.

We know of a block of flats at Clifton on this peninsula whose gardens have already tumbled 50 feet in a landslide, but the building has been tied to the hillside with steel ropes, and the flat-dwellers are living on in good hope that their building will not be the next to slip down the precipice.

Steel cables have been passed round the building with their ends fixed to tramlines buried in the hillside 100 feet higher up. At first the city engineers (who are chiefly concerned in protecting the road below from having a block of flats falling suddenly on it) thought they would fix the cable ends to two big rocks on the hillside, but even these were found to be none too secure; so the tramlines were buried and used instead.

But a little inconvenience like this does not daunt the people of Good Hope, and all the flats are still occupied except one, whose entrance door is only a foot from the crumbling precipice, which, of course, does make it a little awkward to get in and out.

DISARMAMENT AT WORK

Australia Tries It

Missionaries, at their own pleading, have been allowed by the Australian Government to take the place of armed police in a dispute with the Aborigines of North Australia.

These Aborigines murdered five Japanese and an Australian policeman, and things looked very black against them; but the missionaries pleaded that the trouble was brought about by the Japanese themselves having encroached on the Aboriginal Reserve of Arnhem Land, and a Government court of inquiry also found that one of the police sent on a punitive mission had shockingly ill-treated some of the Aborigines.

So the unarmed missionaries are going out instead of armed police, and they will do their best to bring back the murderers, quieten the Aborigines, and see that justice is done.

The world does move toward peace, in spite of all.

THE TAMEST TIGRESS ON RECORD

AND ONE OF THE FIERCEST

Story of a Docile Pet Exchanged For a Man-Eater

LOVELY BIRDS OF PARADISE

By Our Zoo Correspondent

The Zoo has been presented with a tigress who seems to be one of the tamest of her kind of which there is any record.

Until she left her native India for the Zoo a few weeks ago she had lived the life of an ordinary household pet, for she was captured when a cub and reared by hand and she became completely domesticated.

Though full grown she went for walks with her owner and was taken for rides in his car, while at other times she had the freedom of the house, since even toward children and strangers her behaviour was always above reproach.

Making Friends

Apparently she had never heard the "call of the wild" if taken into the jungle, and when she was once sent to the Calcutta Zoo for a few days she disliked her own kind and was alarmed by the roars of lions and the snarls of other great cats.

Now she has become the property of the Zoo; not because she has disgraced herself in any way, but because her owners had to move and found it impossible to take the family pet with them.

When this amazingly tame tigress was caged for the journey to England she was indignant, and for a few days her temper was savage; but eventually she grew reconciled to the change and began to make friends with the human passengers. Then everyone petted her so much that she grew happy and sweet-tempered once more.

Two Explanations

A Zoo tigress called Fury, who is notorious for her dangerously bad temper, is also believed to have been an extremely tame pet before she was sent to the menagerie. Before she arrived the Zoo was expecting her to be docile, for the report sent about her stated that she was so tame that she had been in the habit of playing with a small boy.

When Fury appeared on the scene, however, she turned out to be ferocious, and one explanation given for this was that the separation from her young playmate had grieved her deeply, and that this, coupled with the teasing she had received during the voyage to this country, had changed her disposition.

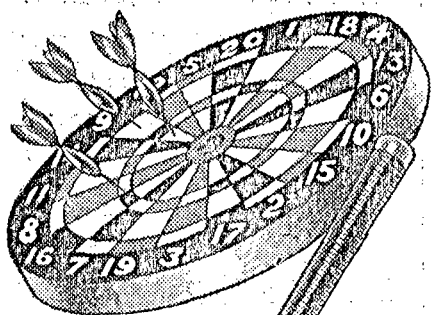
Another explanation was that the tame tigress had been mixed up with a dangerous man-eater just before she was shipped, with the result that, instead of getting the tame animal, the Zoo had been sent the man-eater.

Autumn at the Zoo

The Zoo is now looking thoroughly autumnal, and soon the Gardens will assume the dreary and deserted appearance which is always so noticeable during the dark cold months of the year. However, one small section of the menagerie is at its best just now, for the birds of paradise have grown and begun to display their wonderful plumes.

Most birds grow new plumes to welcome the arrival of spring, but the birds of paradise become beautiful in readiness for the rainy season, and so when other Zoo avians are flaunting their smartest plumes they are dowdy and dejected, but when in autumn the rest of the menagerie has grown depressed these exquisite birds of paradise give their visitors a chance of seeing one of Nature's most wonderful sights.

Sometimes some of the Zoo's birds of paradise find the strain of growing their brilliant plumes too much for them and they die from exhaustion, but this year there have been no casualties.



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THROUGH GALILEO'S TELESCOPE

How the Moon Over Italy
Lit Up Chicago

A NEW WONDER OF OUR WONDER AGE

Little did Galileo think, as he gazed at the mountains of the Moon through his telescope, that one day that telescope would be used to bring the light rays of the Moon not to his eye but to a magic instrument starting a train of energy to illuminate buildings across the world.

Yet this has just been done, and done in honour of another great son of Italy, Guglielmo Marconi, who may justly be called the Galileo of today.

Galileo's telescope was taken from the Florence Museum to the Observatory of Arcetri in Tuscany and there placed so that the moonlight should pass through it and affect a photo-electric cell.

This cell sent out a message by telephone cable to the radio station near Rome, from where it was sent by short waves across the Atlantic to the controlling circuit of the lighting plant of the Chicago Exhibition. There the impulse operated the switches which flooded the World's Fair with light. The operation took but five minutes.

OUR GOLD TO BEAT NAPOLEON

Looking For It in the Sea

Every visitor to Lloyd's knows the Lutine Bell, the bell of the ship which foundered off 'Terschelling Island' on the Dutch coast in 1799.

The ship was carrying gold valued at £1,000,000, our contribution to the fight against Napoleon. It was a frigate of the Navy, and foundered with the loss of 270 lives, the only sailor to reach the shore dying the next day.

It has come once more into the news owing to the success of the divers employed in the new attempt to win back some of its drowned wealth. They have found its ammunition store and retrieved some sixty cannon balls.

Divers in the early part of the 19th century managed to secure £100,000 of its cargo, and in 1859 they brought to the surface the famous bell which is the pride of Lloyd's. So far this time the divers have only recovered one coin (a Spanish copper coin), but they hope to get up some of the bullion now that they have successfully reached the ship.

SOMETHING TO EAT

What a Ship Brought From New Zealand

Every big liner from distant parts of the Empire brings food for somebody.

Here is a list of all the things to eat which filled the holds of the liner Tainui which recently arrived at London from New Zealand:

- 47,000 boxes of butter
- 4000 crates of cheese
- 77,000 carcasses of frozen mutton
- 2700 carcasses of frozen pork
- 2100 bags of frozen beef
- 1900 bags of meat sundries
- 180 cases of preserved meat.

On the way to London this ship left another 800 boxes of butter at Panama, and 2845 more at Jamaica.

OUR NEW FACTORIES

Last year as many as 646 new factories were established in our country, a factory being a place employing not less than 25 people.

These 646 establishments employ nearly 45,000 people. One-third was in London, a sixth in Lancashire, and less than a sixth in the Midlands. The continued growth in the south is very notable. In the same period 335 factories were closed down.

FUTURE OF THE KINEMA

Colour and Television in
Five Years

SEARCH FOR THE PERFECT CELLULOID

Few C.N. readers can be so young as not to have witnessed some improvement in the cinematograph.

To older readers it seems but the other day that colour arrived to give a thrill to the black-and-white world of the screen, and the human voice made the picture seem more human. Television, too, has opened a way to many new and interesting possibilities.

Mr Rowson, President of the British Kinematograph Society, has been peering into the future and telling us what we may expect in the next few years. It will not be long now, he prophesies, before full colour will entirely take the place of black-and-white pictures. Expense at present is holding back the expansion, but that barrier is rapidly being broken down. Another barrier is the quality of the celluloid used, and Mr Rowson expressed a hope that its manufacturers would undertake the research necessary for the ideal celluloid.

Expense also holds back the progress of television, but television is bound to come soon, and will arrive first in the home, because the small size of the screen is the chief drawback to public exhibition. It is hoped, however, that within three or five years success on a large screen will be achieved.

A TALE OF GORDON

In the Garden of Gethsemane

Bernard Freeman, who has just died at 82 and who worked for Gordon 50 years ago, had just published the memoirs of an interesting life.

Inevitably it is the part about Gordon which stands out above the rest.

When he was in Jerusalem in 1883 Gordon got permission to pitch his tent in the Garden of Gethsemane.

Once Mr Freeman said Goodnight to Gordon and then went away, returning two hours later because he had to pass through the Garden to his lodgings.

He was startled to find Gordon kneeling in the Place of Agony, where Jesus prayed on the night of the betrayal. Gordon did not hear Freeman's footsteps. "He was praying as if in a trance . . . It seemed as if his soul had left his body. One of the Franciscan Fathers told us the next day that when he went early to Mass at five that morning General Gordon was still praying."

HUNTING FLOWERS FOR KEW

Mr E. K. Balls and Mr Balfour Gourlay recently arrived in Constantinople after a long hunt for plants for the Royal Botanic Gardens at Kew.

They set out in March in a second-hand car and worked till September, sometimes up to a height of 11,000 feet.

Among the flowers they sent home were varieties of many we know in England, such as crocus, tulip, and fox-glove. At one place they saw sheets of a pale blue hyacinth looking at a distance like water shining in the sun.

Wherever they went the villagers were most hospitable and showed a wide knowledge of the plants.

THE BUSY VICAR

The crowds were so great for the harvest festival at Watford Parish Church that another service was held in the Parish Hall at the same time, the vicar going across for the sermon.

While these services were going on a queue was forming up outside the doors of the church for a third service, at which the vicar preached again. Altogether 2000 people were there that night.

THE THREE CHIMNEYS

Serial Story by
Gunby Hadath

CHAPTER 9

Everything Altered

BEFORE Paul could answer Mr Kirk repeated his question.

"Did you ever hear your father speak of a Mr Rim?"

"No, never, sir," Paul said at once.

"Ha!" Mr Kirk looked surprised. "You are quite sure?" he asked. "A Mr—er—Felix Rim. Perhaps some distant connection?"

"No, never, sir," Paul repeated. "Why do you ask, sir?"

"We will come to that in a moment," the lawyer replied, slowly opening the document he had been holding. "Paul, as well as your father's Will I made this memorandum, drawn up strictly, you understand, to express his instructions. Practically I drafted it at his dictation. Then I made him attach his signature for confirmation, and that signature was witnessed by one of my clerks."

"Yes, sir?" Paul murmured.

"Your father charged me to see it was fulfilled, Paul."

"Yes, sir?" Paul uttered again.

"So it is binding on both of us. You understand that. I am bound to carry it out. You are bound to accept it."

"Yes, I understand that, sir," said Paul.

His new friend laid the document down on the cushions. He seemed loth to communicate it. Paul felt vaguely uneasy. What was there so mysterious in this other paper? Then Mr Kirk rose and, with hands clasped behind his prim coat-tails, he stood staring at the sea with his lips pursed together.

"You know, Paul," he said abruptly, with his eyes on the sea still, "your father felt that if anything happened to him there ought to be someone here to look after you."

"Why, of course, sir!" smiled Paul. "That's why he's left money to Cyrus and Hannah—so that they could stay and look after me."

"No. Your father had other views," said Mr Kirk quietly.

Paul's face went crimson.

"But they haven't to go, sir!" he shouted. He had jumped to his feet and was pulling at the lawyer's sleeve, so that the latter was compelled to turn and look full at him. "I tell you, sir," he went on in a passionate voice, "this place wouldn't be the same without Cyrus and Hannah!"

"Ah, you'd like them to stay?" was the answer.

"This place belongs to them!" Paul cried.

"Belongs to them, does it?"

"Why, of course," Paul declared, with wide eyes. "We talk about places belonging to people, but people belong to places as well, every bit, sir! At any rate, they do in Jettison Cove. I mean you couldn't imagine The Young Sailor man without Seth Hambly, or Michael Porthgarra's cottage without him and Esther. And it's just like that with old Cyrus and Hannah and this house. Oh, sir, without Cyrus and Hannah—"

"Yes, yes," chirruped Mr Kirk, interrupting this torrent, "but I don't remember observing that you must part with them. I was merely intimating that your father's views for your future extended, shall we say, beyond this good couple."

Paul brightened, but he continued to look very puzzled.

"So your father," said Mr Kirk, and picked up the document, "has set you under the authority of a guardian."

So this was the cat that jumped out of that pudgy black bag, whose owner had released it with so much precaution and now waited, watching Paul's face to see how he took it. But Paul's steady features showed little, till he bit on his lip and muttered in a dubious tone:

"A real guardian!"

"A very real one," said Mr Kirk, with a nod. "Until you come of age. That's not hundreds of years, Paul!"

"No, I suppose it isn't," said Paul, without smiling. Then presently, "And will he come to live here, sir?"

"He will. The bank will pay your money to him, to be expended, of course, upon your requirements. But the upkeep of this house he will see to himself, that is to say," he explained, "he will pay it out of his own pocket."

"But I don't see why he should pay out for me," Paul said sourly.

"No more do I," said Mr Kirk, laughing outright, "but your father told me he would and he's written, agreeing."

"Oh, then, you've already heard from him!" Paul exclaimed.

"I have indeed. I wrote off to him immediately. And he replied in as proper a letter as ever I've read."

The little lawyer was driving ahead again cheerfully, now that he had turned that embarrassing corner which had been worrying him ever since he left Palmouth this morning, when he had been wondering how a well-grown, high-mettled colt, such as he had understood Paul to be from Paul's father, would take such a sudden pitchforking into the control of a stranger.

And the good man's misgivings on this score had returned in force before he had been in contact with Paul many minutes. Here, he had judged, was no ninny nor softly-bred town youth, far from it, here was a veritable son of this hardy coast, as rugged, at need, as his rocks, as keen as his winds; here, in short, was a young creature with plenty of backbone and of a manliness considerably beyond his years. A lad who could think for himself. A loyal friend also, as witness the manner in which he had sprung to arms for those two old retainers; a lad who would respond, no doubt, to affection, but would kick, and kick hard, against restraint except at the hands of a person whom he respected.

"I could manage him myself," Mr Kirk had reflected, "because he appeared to have taken to me a bit"—but would he take to the newcomer? That was the question. And that was the problem behind those sharp, puzzled glances which this kindly little man had been shooting at Paul.

"Yes, I never read a more proper letter, young man. The gentleman declares that he will regard the guardianship as a most sacred trust. He underlined this twice, a most sacred trust." And when Paul still said nothing Mr Kirk cocked his head at him with a persevering expression, as much as to say, "Now who could want anything nicer than that, my dear fellow?"

But Paul could imagine plenty of prospects more pleasant! For instance, old Cyrus instead of this unknown stranger. But all there was to say on that point had been said, and, perceiving that he was expected to make some reply, he uttered lamely: "Can you tell me, sir, where he comes from?"

"Your guardian? Well, he wrote from a London hotel."

"Does he live in London, sir?"

"I haven't any idea," said the lawyer precisely. "I can only tell you that that is where I wrote to him, as instructed."

"I didn't know," said Paul, "that my father had friends in London."

"Well, it wasn't a fashionable hotel," observed Mr Kirk, as though in some occult way that had something to do with it. "Mr Rim uses it, I suppose, when he's passing through London. He doesn't reside there permanently, I imagine."

"But it's funny, sir, that he hasn't a regular address!"

"Not at all. Very likely he travels a great deal. But are you still confident he is no relation of any sort?"

"When you asked me that before I didn't understand why, sir, but of course I do now," said Paul. "No, I'm pretty sure he's not a relation. I am positive that my father never made mention of him."

"Then he must be some old friend, some very old friend; but we'll ask him outright when he comes," said Mr Kirk, as he offered Paul the Deed of Appointment to read.

Paul took it and read it through, every word, very gravely. "It seems all right, sir," he said, as he handed it back. "Of course, I'm rather at sea with the legal language, but it seems to fix me up as tight as a rivet."

"It does," said Mr Kirk, with a glance at the clock. Then he raised one hand and stood listening. "And unless my ears are playing tricks," he pronounced, "I can hear the fly that is bringing our friend from St Tregarthen."

CHAPTER 10

St Drinnen's Penny

HOWEVER, it was not until the next morning that Paul was to get his first good look at his guardian.

For Mr Felix Rim's journey had so much exhausted him that immediately on arrival he had gone to the room which Hannah had in readiness, where, after giving Mr Kirk a few moments, he had remained without showing himself for the rest of the day. Thus finding he could catch an earlier train than he'd hoped, the little lawyer, who had prudently detained the fly, had come rushing down the stairs and tossed his bag into it, with only time for a hurried

Continued on the next page



"Who's been eating
my 'Golden Shred'?"

—roared the bear. "I have," said Miss Margot Grahame, the famous film star, looking in at the window. "I think it is the best marmalade there is. No wonder they call it the world's best marmalade."

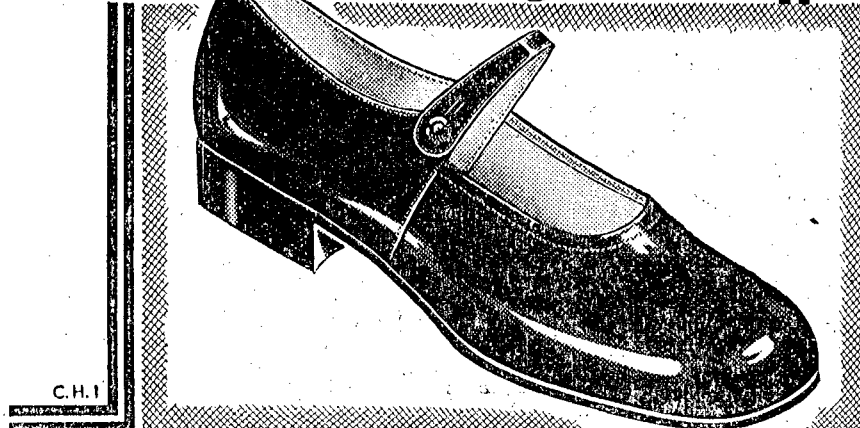
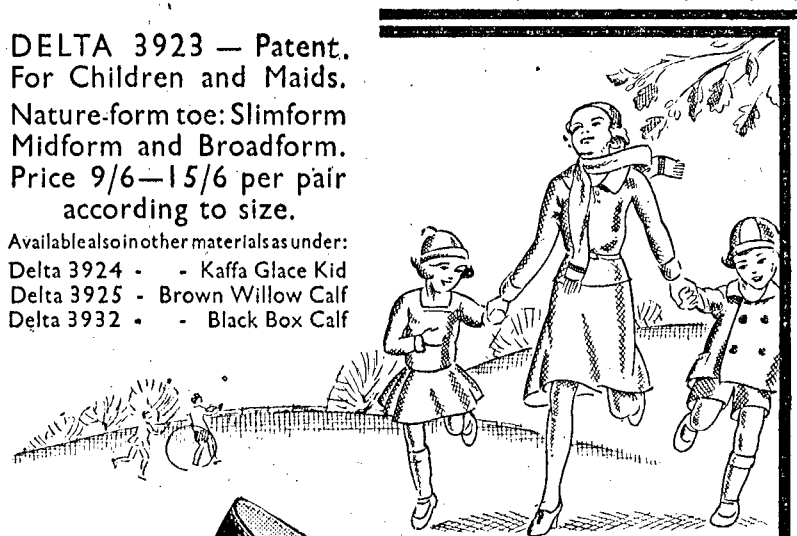


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C.H.I.

BRITAIN'S BEST SHOES — FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

word of Good-bye and a note of his Falmouth address in case Paul required it.

"Mr Rim tells me he is no relation," he whispered, "but you'll find him a charming fellow, Paul; oh, yes, entirely." Then he'd given Paul's hand a tremendous squeeze and popped in.

Paul watched the fly drive off, and felt rather lonely. He wondered whether he ought to stand by or might ramble off somewhere. It would be rather nice, he considered, to go and find Esther and tell her his startling news and hear what she thought about it.

Then his hand had gone into his pocket and encountered a penny.

A penny! A single penny! All by itself. Why wasn't it along with his other money? And then he recollected. Of course, when he'd changed into these clothes—the sombre suit brought a wistful cloud to his face—his eye had fallen on a penny by itself on the dressing-table, and instinctively he had slipped it into his pocket. He recollected more; this must be the actual penny which he'd promised Esther to bore a hole in and keep. Now, why had he got to keep it? He'd better remember or Esther would be down on him jolly fiercely.

These last few days had driven St Drinnen's Well out of his mind.

Oh, what was it Esther had said? He knitted his brows. Oh, yes, she had told him that so long as he kept St Drinnen's penny in his pocket its jingling would remind the fairies that they owed him a wish. But how could a penny jingle all by itself? He'd have to ask Esther that when he saw her, by thunder he would! He wouldn't catch her out, though, she'd retort at once that the Little Men's ears were ten times as sharp as his own, and that some people were far too inquisitive. He himself was always the "some people" on these occasions. From her it was never "Paul, you're a regular dolt," it was always "Paul, how dense some people are!"

Paul smiled at this reflection. Yes, he would find Esther.

He was just off when another remembrance arrested him. The penny had to be bored with a hole. It was no good going to Esther and showing it this way; she'd say, "Paul, some people have memories just like a fishing net!" He'd say, "Nets

Continued in the last column

JACKO IS PUZZLED

Mrs JACKO was busy with what she called her autumn turn-out.

Once a year she went through all the family clothing and sorted it into three piles, one for giving away, another for mending, and the third to be sold to Mr Tatters, the rag-and-bone dealer.



"Take these to be soled," said Mother Jacko

This year Jacko was at home for the turn-out, and he watched with great interest as the pile of things for giving away grew taller and taller.

"When's Dad's topper going on?" he asked with a grin. "It'll do fine on top for the chimney!"

"Don't be impertinent!" retorted his mother indignantly.

Father's topper was a standing joke with the boys. Each year Mrs Jacko flung it on the pile and decided it must go, and each year she picked it off again, brushed it carefully, and put it back in the cupboard.

But Jacko was bent on mischief. Presently he disappeared and came back wearing his mother's best coat, with her favourite hat perched on his head.

"You've forgotten these, Mater!" he cried, with a sly wink.

This was too much for Mrs Jacko. She determined not to have him at home a minute longer. Snatching up Father's boots, she hurried downstairs and gave them to Jacko.

"Off you go!" she ordered. "Take these to be soled, and don't come back till dinner-time!"

Jacko didn't. It was Father Jacko who got home first and promptly started searching for his comfortable boots.

"They're gone to be mended," his wife explained.

Just then Jacko burst into the room.

"There you are!" he shouted, flinging some coppers on the table. "Tatters says they aren't worth a penny more."

Mrs Jacko flopped into the nearest chair.

"What have you done?" she gasped.

Jacko looked bewildered.

"Why—" he stammered. "You told me to take those boots to be soled, didn't you?"

don't let the fishes out, Esther, at any rate!" She'd laugh and say, "But you don't trust a net with salt water, Paul. Or with pennies either, Paul." And she'd think she'd stumped him! She would have done, perhaps. Or wouldn't she? He didn't know. But anyhow he'd be off and pierce that old hole.

Thus congratulating himself on recovering his wits, Paul had darted into the house, got a gimlet from Cyrus, together with a hammer and a strong awl, and, after splitting a nail and barking his knuckles, had bored a respectable hole through St Drinnen's penny. But thereupon he had let out a howl of dismay. What an idiot he had been, what a miserable juggins! This wasn't the dead of night; it wasn't near dusk even. And Esther had said distinctly, as clearly as possible, that you had to wait for the dead of night before boring your penny!

He groaned aloud. Losh! He'd put his foot into it properly.

He supposed the Little Men wouldn't grant him his wish now!

This was horrible; he'd better go straight and confess. Esther might know a spell to put it all right. Or perhaps Fyn would. He thought of Fyn, that queer man they'd helped on the moor, with his pheasant's tail in his hat and his basket of herbs—and charms; or so Fyn pretended, and many believed him. Fyn the wanderer, here today and vanished tomorrow. And Farmer, with that jolly black spot on his back and one of his ears standing up and the other flopped down. Somehow they seemed to belong to a world that had vanished, as Fyn vanished, now that—now that everything had altered. This time last week—

Then Paul's intention had slowed. No, he wouldn't go off the premises; he'd stand by in case Mr Rim wanted him. So he waited about and watched Hannah pottering in and out of the kitchen and putting good things on a tray to carry upstairs. Such a glistening white linen cloth she spread on her trays; he had only to glance at them to make his mouth water. And he did his best to get a word with Cyrus, to hear what the new master looked like, and so on. But from the extraordinary bumpings and thumpings that had broken out overhead it sounded as if old Cyrus was peculiarly busy.

TO BE CONTINUED

Jam Roly-Poly!

The children simply love it—and father, with a shy grin, asks for more. The jam and the tender good beef suet crust mingle their delightful flavours in one harmonious whole—delicious, satisfying, nourishing.

Hugon's

'ATORA'

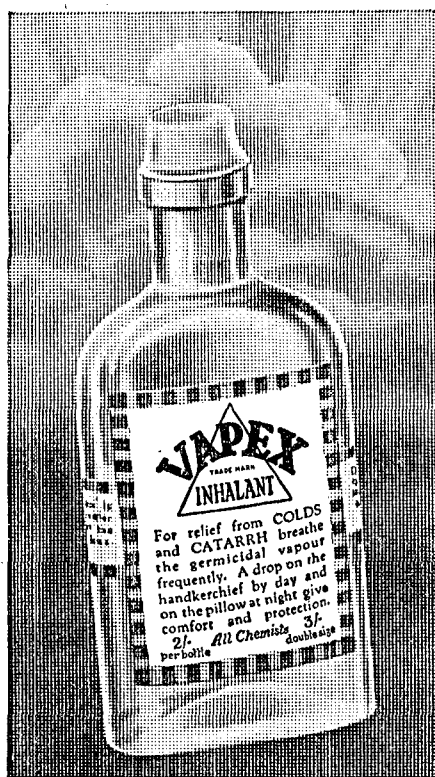
The Good BEEF SUET

This inexpensive recipe is taken from the 'Atora' Book of 100 tested recipes. Send a postcard for a copy, post free from—Hugon & Co., Ltd., Openshaw, Manchester.

RECIPE

6 oz. Self-raising Flour, or
6 oz. Plain Flour and flat teaspoon of
Baking Powder. 3 oz. Shredded 'ATORA.'
A pinch of Salt.

Mix the flour, salt and Suet with cold water to a stiff paste. Roll out thin, and spread over with jam, marmalade, or golden syrup. Roll over, pinch top and bottom edges together. Dip pudding cloth in boiling water, flour it, and wrap round pudding, tie ends with string. Steam for 2 hours. Sufficient for 4 to 6 persons.



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THE Stamp Collector's Corner

THE GREAT WAR

is recalled by the beautiful set of large stamps included in this fine collection.
FREE!! This set was issued by Bosnia to commemorate the assassination at Sarajevo of the Archduke Ferdinand. Also Travancore (Shall), large Guinea, old Netherlands (Queen), Ceylon, pictorial Egypt and a further 49 varieties, New Kenya, British and French Colonials, and one of the interesting large double head stamps of Siam. Just send 2d. only for postage, requesting approvals.

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Including Afghanistan (new issue), fine set of 5 French Colonials, animals, etc., set of 2 Germany surcharged for use in Captured Belgium, and 10 all different Greece showing head of Hermes, ship in canal, native costumes, Salonica tower, Temple at Thebes, etc. I will send this splendid collection of 21 different stamps absolutely free to all stamp collectors sending 2d. postage (abroad 6d. P.O.). Just ask for approvals. Limited Supply.

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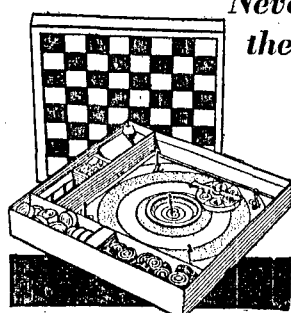
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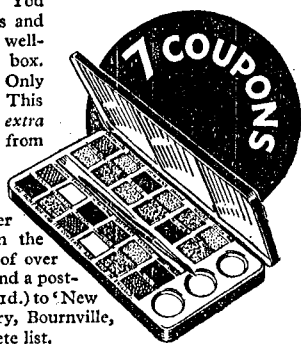
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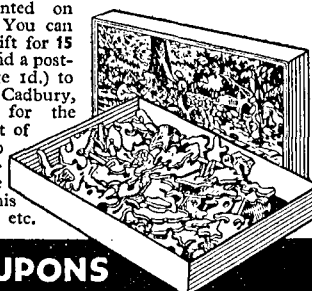
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What does this Tuck Box contain? It contains five jolly good things—five 2-oz. blocks of Cadburys Chocolate:—Bournville Plain—Dairy Milk—Milk Fruit and Nut—Bournville Fruit and Nut—Sliced Nut Milk. All for 9 Bournville Cocoa coupons! Send a postcard (postage 1d.) to 'New Gifts,' Cadbury, Bournville, for the complete list of over 200 Gifts, including Bournville Chocolate Biscuits in 1-lb. Boxes and 1/2-lb. Drums.



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4^{QR}. REDBOY FIG-ROLLS
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October 21, 1933

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THE BRAN TUB

Fourteen Reports

BROWN and Smith were out rambling. Some distance off was a military camp which Brown wanted to visit; but Smith, being weary, decided to rest instead, so Brown went on alone.

At the moment Brown started a gun was fired at the camp. The gun continued firing at intervals of a minute. Sound travels at the rate of 1100 feet a second, and Brown heard the fourteenth report 2/29ths of a minute sooner than Smith.

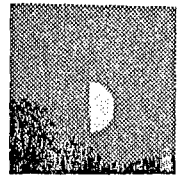
How fast was Brown walking?
Answer next week

Railways on the Roads

THE railways are not only railways. The companies own or are interested in about 19,000 motor-vehicles for passengers and goods. They also have on the roads about 14,500 horses.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planets Venus and Mars are in the South-West, Saturn, is in the South and Uranus in the South-East. There are no planets visible in the morning. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 6 p.m. on Wednesday, October 25.



may be seen looking South at 6 p.m. on Wednesday, October 25.

Glass is Porous

SCIENTISTS once lowered a hollow glass ball into the sea to a depth of 3000 fathoms, or 18,000 feet, and it was brought up partly filled with water. The pressure at this great depth was 36 tons to each square inch of the ball's surface. At this terrific pressure the water was forced through the microscopic pores in the glass.

A Hidden Poet

MY first is in wood but not in tree,
My second's in bound but not in free,
My third is in riddle but not in guess,
My fourth is in radish but not in cross,
My fifth is in whistle but not in blow,
My sixth is in whiting but not in roe,
My seventh's in oyster but not in shell,
My eighth is in riot but not in quell,
My ninth is in timbrel but not in sound,
My tenth is in searching but not in found,
My whole is an English poet great,
Have a care and his name you can state.
Answer next week

Ici On Parle Français



La charrue sert à labourer le sol.
Cette élève fait bien des progrès.
Qui ira chercher l'eau à la pompe?

Next Week in the Countryside

GULLS begin to fly inland. The golden plover arrives in England. Snipe come up into the meadows. The short-eared owl is seen. Flocks of wild geese begin to arrive. The woodcock is seen. The walnut tree and the Virginia creeper are stripped of their leaves. The leaves of the white-thorn, honeysuckle, hazel, and elm begin to fall.

The Puzzling Apples

HERE is a little problem which will puzzle many people. Start by saying that a boy named Jack had six apples, some of which he gave away in this manner:
Gave 2 to Tom, which left 4
Gave 1 to Fred, which left 3
Gave 1 to Fred's brother, leaving 2
Kept 2 for himself, which left 0

It will be seen that the totals are different, and it looks as if, in a mysterious way, the number of apples had grown to 9 in the distribution. Of course the figures

in the right-hand column only represent the number of apples that were left after each distribution, and have nothing to do with the total quantity of fruit.

Those Who Come and Those Who Go

How many people are born in your town and how many die? Here are the figures for 12 towns. The four weeks up to September 23, 1933, are compared with the corresponding weeks of last year.

TOWN	1933	1932	1933	1932
London	4671	4903	2910	3053
Glasgow	1453	1575	951	920
Liverpool	1347	1369	691	715
Belfast	651	626	397	366
Edinburgh	521	522	401	390
Bristol	447	472	274	260
Leicester	318	277	197	185
Sunderland	313	300	178	140
Swansea	194	207	94	109
Norwich	162	160	80	83
York	78	83	48	55
Hastings	65	68	71	51

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

A Walking Problem. 180 paces

A Riddle in Rhyme. Fishing

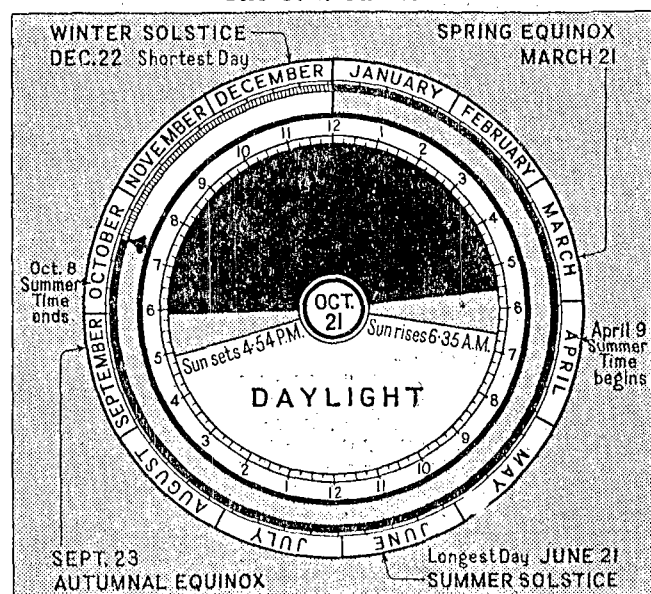
What Town is This? Edinburgh

A Charade. Stonecrop

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

C	H	A	P	T	E	R	B	O	L	L	A	R	D
R	O	L	E	M	E	T	E	R	E	C	H	O	
B	O	W	L	P	E	A	S	A	M	E			
C	B	E	A	B	A	N	D	O	N	E	A	R	
A	Y	S	T	A	Y	S	L	A	B	S	O		
B	P	I	E	R	D	I	E	T	A				
L	E	A	R	N	O	U	T	L	E	A	D	S	
E	R	R	T	H	R	E	A	D	S	N	E	T	

The C.N. Calendar



THIS calendar shows daylight, twilight, and darkness on October 21. The days are now getting shorter. The arrow indicating the date shows at a glance how much of the year has elapsed.

Dr MERRYMAN

Quite Safe

JACK: What sort of lodgings did you have on your holiday?

TOM: Well, I had a burglar-proof room.

JACK: Burglar-proof? That's unusual in a boarding-house.

TOM: The room was so small that a second person could not have got into it.

Rivals



"AUA!" said Mr Bellows, "the North Wind's at his game; See him swirling round about, you cannot call him tame. He certainly is breezy and makes a great to-do, But if you want your fire blown up then I'm the man for you."

Unsuccessful

THERE was not a whole egg remaining in the larder and so Mother sought out the culprit.

"Yes, Mummy, I smashed them," said small John. "I heard Daddie say that there's money in eggs if one knows anything about chickens and I've just been looking for some."

Why, Indeed?

A LITTLE parental correction was needed. "I must do this, my boy," said Father, making preparations, "and it hurts me."

"But, Father," replied young hopeful, "if you have done nothing wrong why hurt yourself?"

Growing Up

THE old gentleman appeared to be very interested in the tiny baby.

"I'm sure you'll see that it grows up to be a conscientious, upright man," he said to the proud parent.

"That will be very difficult, sir," replied the father.

"Come now, 'As the twig is bent the tree is inclined,' you know," persisted the old gentleman.

"Quite so, sir; but this twig is bent on being a girl, so we are inclined to let it go at that."

FIVE-MINUTE STORY

MISS DELIA McKANE was the poorest, the loneliest, and the proudest inhabitant of a little downland village, and her cottage was so ancient and dilapidated that it was not fit to live in at all; but because Miss Delia was a quiet, decent body the authorities left her alone, and she lived on her old-age pension eked out with what she could earn by sewing for busy housewives. She was always ready to do anybody a good turn, although it was her bitter grief that she was too poor to give to others.

The ancient village church was Miss Delia's greatest solace. Every Sunday, morning and evening, she was to be seen creeping to the humblest seat clasping her prayer

book, which was so old that it contained a prayer for King George the Third and Queen Charlotte.

At each service, when the collection plate came round, Miss Delia put in a penny, except at Harvest Thanksgiving, which was a great day for the old lady; for then, in thankfulness for her cottage, her good health, her pension, and other blessings, she dropped into the plate a silver sixpence.

The Harvest Thanksgiving was a red-letter day for another reason, for always on the day before this great event Miss Delia came to church with her offering, a magnificent bunch of red dahlias grown by herself. They were her greatest treasures, and

when winter came she dug them up carefully and hung them in paper bags from her rafters to preserve them from winter frosts. The flowers were always placed at the foot of the font, a glorious patch of colour in the dim old church.

But the year of the great drought was the end of Delia's dahlias. Moisture-loving plants, they drooped in the fierce heat in spite of care and watering. Then came the final disaster. All the wells in the village went dry except the ancient one in Delia's tiny garden. Ponds vanished, streams no longer sang over the stones, and even the river dried up. All day long there was a procession of men, women, and children with

MISS DELIA'S DAHLIAS

pails, barrels, and jugs to Delia's garden, and at last her ambition was realised: she could be generous all day and give away to others in need something more precious than gold.

Without water the dahlias withered up and died, and Miss Delia shed a few tears, for when harvest came she would have no offering. Sorrowfully she went and told the Rector, but after a talk with the good man she came home beaming with happiness.

When Harvest Thanksgiving Sunday came the old church was bright with golden corn and ripe fruits, but at the foot of the font, instead of dahlias, there was a little old brown jug filled with silver water from Miss Delia's well.



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